THE

# OXFORD SAUSAGE:

OR,

## SELECT POETICAL PIECES,

Written by the most

## CELEBRATED WITS

OF THE

## UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

——— *Tota, merum Sal.* LUCR. iv. 1156.

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MD,CC,LXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# PREFACE.

THE Plan of the following Miſcellany may juſtly be conſidered as entirely new. Our Deſign was to form a Collection of ſuch ſmall, but valuable, *Poetical Pieces*, written by Gentlemen of OXFORD, as never before appeared together; and which being hitherto publiſhed ſeparately, or, as it were, by Accident, would otherwiſe have been overlooked and forgotten, partly for want of Length, and partly from their Manner of Publication. Amongſt theſe, are interſperſed ſeveral Pieces, of the greateſt Merit, never before printed. This Stock of Materials, which All will allow to be *highly ſeaſoned*, thus carefully ſelected, and happily

blended, we have ventured, with ſome Degree of Propriety, to preſent to the Public, under the Name of The OXFORD SAUSAGE.

Our principal Aim, has been to collect Poems of *Humour* and *Burleſque*. On theſe Conſiderations, our SAUSAGE, we preſume, will not only gratify the Palate, but, if the old and approved Proverb, LAUGH AND BE FAT, be true, will at the ſame Time contribute to make our Readers *Thrive*. All ſuch Perſons, therefore, as are grown *thin*, by too much Study, Faſting, and low Spirits, if they would improve their Conſtitution, and mend their Habit, are hereby invited to partake of this cheap, delicious, and ſalutary *Morſel*. As to Readers of a more genial Complexion, and a more joyous Diſpoſition, we need not doubt of being favoured with their Company. In the mean Time

it

it is declared, that we do not mean by our *Title* to exclude any particular Sect or Denomination of People. For *Jews* as well as *Chriſtians*, may feed on our SAUSAGE, without hurting their Conſciences.

In order to render the following Miſcellany complete, no Pains have been ſpared in procuring Pieces, and no Reſources has been left unexplored. That nothing might eſcape us, we have even examined the indefatigable Dr. *Rawlinſon*'s voluminous Collection of Manuſcripts, lately preſented to the *Bodleian Library*. But we muſt acknowledge, without Succeſs; as not one *poignant Ingredient* was to be found in all that immenſe Heap of rare and invaluable *Originals*. Indeed, our chief Aſſiſtance has been from ſome curious and ingenious Members of the Univerſity of *Oxford*,

who have made it their Buſineſs to preſerve ſuch *fugitive* pieces, as were beſt *adapted* to this *Deſign.*

Many Conjectures, we apprehend, will be formed, concerning the *Collector* of this Work. Some will probably ſuſpect him to be that *whimſical* Genius who compiled the COMPANION TO THE GUIDE; while Others will perhaps gueſs him to be the ſame with the *well-bred* and *humourous* Writer of the late TERRÆ FILIUS. But the *ſagacious Inveſtigators* will have *found out nothing*, even if they ſhould ſucceed thus far in their Conjectures: as moſt unluckily the Author of thoſe Pieces will never be *known.* Notwithſtanding, whoever ſhall be ſo happy as to make this *Diſcovery*, and will, on unqueſtionable Proof, deliver in the *Collector*'s REAL Name, to Mr. JACKSON, *Printer in the High-ſtreet, Oxford*, or to Mr. JAMES FLETCHER

FLETCHER *at the Oxford Theatre, in St. Paul's Church Yard,* ſhall receive as a Reward for unriddling this Myſtery, and on Condition that the *Secret* go no further *Twelve* SAUSAGES, neatly bound, gilt, and lettered.

It may be proper, in this Place, to adverti ſe our Readers, that great Part of this Work was printed off, when we were ſo unfortunate as to loſe the facetious Mr. BENJAMIN TYRRELL, Cook, in the *High-Street, Oxford.* This fatal and unexpected Blow has retarded the Publication of our Miſcellany for ſome little Time: but it is hoped that BEN's *Cookery*, which makes no inconſiderable Figure in this Work, will ſtill continue to be *reliſhed* by all Readers of true *Taſte.*

It was intended, by Way of Frontiſpiece, to prefix to this Publication, an elegant

elegant Engraving of *Mother* SPREADBURY's Head, the original Inventreſs of the true *Oxford* Sauſage. But as no *ſtriking* Likeneſs of that celebrated *Matron* could be procured in Time, we are obliged to defer gratifying the Public in this Particular, till the Appearance of our next Edition.

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E·OL

# VERSES

## OCCASIONED BY

## BEN TYRLELL's MUTTON PIES.

### ADVRTISEMENT.

ALL ye that love what's *nice* and *rariſh*,
At *Oxford*, in St. *Mary*'s Pariſh
BEN TYRRELL, Cook of high Renown,
To pleaſe the Palates of the *Gown*,
At Three-pence each, makes MUTTON-PIES,
Which thus he begs to advertiſe:
He welcomes all his Friends at *Seven*,
Each *Saturday* and *Wedn'ſday* Even*.
No Relicks ſtale, with Art unjuſt,
Lurk in Diſguiſe beneath his *Cruſt*;
His Pies, to give you all fair Play,
Smoak only when 'tis *Market-Day*.



Mr. TYRRELL, Cook, in the High-ſtreet, Oxford, having a laudable Deſign of obliging the Univerſity with Mutton Pies, twice a week; this Advertiſement appeared, on that Occaſion, in the OXFORD JOURNAL, Nov. 25th, 1758.

And all muſt own, how *freſh* his Meat,
While JOLLY's Porter crowns the Treat.

If *Rumps* and *Kidneys* can allure ye,
BEN takes upon him to aſſure ye,
No Cook ſhall better hit the Taſte,
In giving Life and Soul to *Paſte*.
If *cheap* and *good* have Weight with Men,
Come all ye Youths, and ſup with BEN.
If *Liquor* in a MUTTON-PIE
Has any Charms, come taſte and try!
O bear me Witneſs, *Iſis*' Sons!
Pierce but the Cruſt—the *Gravy* runs:
The Taſter licks his Lips, and cries,
" O RARE BEN TYRRELL'S MUTTON PIES!"

But hold—no more—I've ſaid enough—
Or elſe my PIES may prove——a PUFF.

BEN TYRRELL's, *Wedneſday Night, December 6th*, 1758.

HOW I congratulate fair *Iſis*,
That ſuch the Taſte for *Mutton Pies* is!
Hail glorious BEN! whoſe Genius high
Firſt plann'd a genuine MUTTON PIE!
Born to combine with matchleſs Taſte,
The Charms of *Pepper* and of *Paſte!*
Was but the Motion of my Pen
Quick as thy *Rolling-Pin*, O BEN!
O, could my Thoughts thy Paſtry ape,
And ſlide, like yielding Dough, to Shape;
My Genius, like thy Oven glow,
My Numbers, like thy Gravy flow;
Or, in the Twinkling of an Eye,
I *cook* an *Ode*——as you a *Pie*;
O then (nor think, to mock thy Trade,
My Promiſes of *Pie-Cruſt* made)——
I'd raiſe thy culinary Fame
Above immortal *Spreadbury*'s Name:
Though from all Cooks, a Matron wiſe,
In *Sauſages* ſhe bore the Prize:
Her *ſeaſoning* Hand ſhould yield to thine,
Thy *Mutton* ſhould her *Pork* outſhine.

Nor ſhall the Muſe eſteem it Folly,
To blend with thine the Praiſe of JOLLY*,
Thy lov'd Compeer! congenial Friend!
Who mild, when Evening Shades deſcend,
Imparts the froth-crown'd *Porter's* Aid,
To ſmooth the ſerious Brow of Trade:
Both ſhall together mount the ſkies,
The PORTER his——but thine the PIES.

Thine is the Houſe, dear BEN to call at,
Or for the *Pocket* or the *Palate.*
For thee, the Citizen and Cit
Their cold boil'd Beef and Carrots quit:
Grave Aldermen, ambitious, ſhare
In *Alma Mater's* claſſic Fare:
The blooming Toaſt of *Oxford* Town
Catch the Contagion of the *Gown,*
And wiſh the wanton Ev'ning nigh,
To *have a Finger in the Pie.*
As ſo *enticing* TYRRELL'S Houſe is,
*Send* not too *late* ye pregnant Spouſes!
Think of the Midwife's vaſt Surprize,
To ſee Boys *mark'd* with *Mutton Pies!*

If this the univerſal Taſte is
What will become of *Ven'ſon Paſties?*

What

CAPTAIN JOLLY, who, pro Bono Publico, firſt reduced the Price of Porter in Oxford, from 6d. to 4d. a quart.

What of the *Cates*, which many a Maiden,
For the next *Chriſtmas* Cheer has laid in?
Sure all with BEN will ſup and dine,
And leave their CHRISTMAS PIES for THINE.

---

EPIGRAM, *ſuppoſed to be occaſioned by an extraordinary Phenomenon in* MIDWIFERY.

I.

SAGE WOODS! though many a Dark Affair
Be known to thy diſcerning Eyes;
E'en You with all your Skill, muſt ſtare,
"To ſee Boys mark'd with Mutton Pies?"

II.

What if our *Wives*, with equal Glee,
In Thought a *Sauſage* ſhould enjoy;
Say, would you wonder much, to ſee
The MOTHER'S LONGINGS mark the Boy?

---

*On* BEN TYRRELL'S *Pies.*

LET *Chriſtmas* boaſt her cuſtomary Treat,
A Mixture ſtrange, of Suet, Currants, Meat,
Where various Taſtes combine, the greaſy, and the ſweet.

Let glad *Shrove-Tueſday* bring the *Pancake* thin,
Or *Fritter* rich with Apples ſtor'd within:
On *Eaſter-Sunday* be the *Pudding* ſeen,
To which the *Tanſey* lends her ſober Green:
And when great *London* hails her annual *Lord*,
Let quiv'ring *Cuſtard* crown the *Aldermanic* Board.

But BEN prepares a more delicious Meſs,
Subſtantial Fare, a Breakfaſt for Queen *Beſs*:
What dainty Epicure, or greedy Glutton,
Would not prefer *his* PIE, that's made of *Mutton*?

Each diff'rent Country boaſts a diff'rent Taſte,
And owe's it's Fame to *Pudding* or to *Paſte*:
SQUAB PIE in *Cornwall* only can they make,
In *Norfolk* DUMPLING, and in *Salop* CAKE;
But *Oxford* now from all ſhall bear the Prize
Fam'd, as for *Sauſages*, for MUTTON-PIES.

## MUTTON PIES *for the* ASSIZES.

*March* 1, 1760.

BEHOLD, once more, facetious BEN,
Steps from his *Paſte*,——to take the *Pen*;
And as the *Trumpets*, ſhrill and loud,
Precede the Sheriff's *Javelin'd* Crowd,
So BEN before hand advertiſes
His ſnug-laid Scheme for the *Aſſizes*.
Each of the Evenings, BEN propoſes
With PIES ſo nice to *ſmoak* your Noſes:
No Coſt, as heretofore, he grudges,
He'll ſtand the Teſt of able JUDGES;
And think, that when the *Hall* is *up*,
How *cheap* a *Juryman* may *Sup*!
For LAWYERS CLERKS, in Wigs ſo ſmart,
A tight warm Room is ſet apart.—
My MASTERS eke, (might *Ben* adviſe ye)
Detain'd too long at *Nizey Prizey*,
Your College Commons loſt at *Six*,——
At BEN's the *jovial* Evening *fix*;
From **Tripe*-Indentures, ſtale, and dry,
Eſcap'd to PORTER and a PIE.
Hither, if ye have any Taſte,
Ye BOOTED EVIDENCES haſte!



* I ſuppoſe BEN means tripartite.

Ye LASSES too, both tall and slim,
In *Riding Habits* dress'd so trim,
Who, usher'd by some *Young Attorney:*
Take, each Assize, an *Oxford Journey:*
All who *subpœna'd* on th' Occasion,
Require *genteel* Accommodation,
Oh haste to BEN's and *save your Fines,*
You'd pay at Houses deck'd with *Signs!*
Lo I, a Cook of Taste and Knowledge,
And bred the *Coquus* of a *College,*
Having long known the STUDENT's Bounty;
Now dare to *cater* for the *County.*

Come then, of Ben, O come and buy All—
As 'tis *Assize-Time,* He'll stand *Trial;*
His *Cause* Success will surely crown,
His *Witnesses*——are ALL the GOWN.

*** *These five Pieces are all that appeared, on that Subject.*

ODE

# ODE *to a* GRIZZLE WIG.

*By a Gentleman who had juſt left off his* Bob.

ALL hail ye Curls, that rang'd in reverend Row,
With ſnowy Pomp my conſcious Shoulders hide!
That fall *beneath* in venerable *Flow*,
And crown my Brows *above* with *feathery* Pride!

High on your Summit, *Wiſdom*'s mimick'd Air
Sits thron'd, with *Pedantry* her ſolemn Sire,
And in her Net of awe-diffuſing Hair,
Entangles Fools, and bids the Croud admire.

O'er every Lock, that floats in full diſplay,
Sage *Ignorance* her Gloom ſcholaſtic throws;
And ſtamps o'er all my Viſage, once ſo gay,
Unmeaning *Gravity*'s ſerene Repoſe.

Can thus *large Wigs* our Reverence engage?
Have *Barbers* thus the Pow'r to blind our Eyes?
Is Science thus conferr'd on every Sage;
By *Bayliſs*, *Blenkingſop*, and lofty *Wiſe*?

But thou farewell my Bob! whoſe thin-wove *Thatch*
Was ſtor'd with *Quips*, and *Cranks*, and *wanton Wiles*
That *love* to *live* within the one-curl'd *Scratch*,
With *Fun*, and all the Family of *Smiles*.

Safe

Safe in thy *Privilege*, near *Iſis'* Brook,
Whole Afternoons at *Wolvercote* I quaff'd;
At Eve, my careleſs Round in *High-ſtreet* took,
And call'd at JOLLY's for the *caſual* Draught.

No more the *Wherry* feels my Stroke ſo true;
At *Skittles* in a *Grizzle*, can I play?
*Woodſtock*, farewell, and *Wallingford*, adieu!
Where many a *Scheme* reliev'd the lingering Day.

Such were the Joys that once *Hilario* crown'd,
E'er grave *Preferment* came my Peace to rob:
Such are the leſs ambitious Pleaſures found
Beneath the *Liceat* of an humble BOB.

EPI-

# EPISTLE,

## *From* THOMAS HEARN, *Antiquary*,

### To the AUTHOR of

### *The* COMPANION *to the* OXFORD GUIDE, *&c.*

FRIEND of the moſs-grown Spire and crumbling Arch,
Who wont'ſt at Eve to pace the long-loſt Bounds
Of loneſome *Oſeney!* What malignant Fiend
Thy cloiſter-loving Mind, from antient Lore,
Hath baſe ſeduc'd? Urg'd thy apoſtate Pen
To trench deep Wounds on *Antiquaries* ſage,
And drag the venerable Fathers forth,
Victims to Laughter! Cruel as the Mandate
Of mitred Prieſts, who *Baſkett* late enjoined
To throw aſide the reverend Letters *black*,
And print *Faſt-Prayers* in *modern* Type!—At this
*Leland*, * and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,
Illuſtrious Names! with *Camden*, *Aubrey*, *Lloyd*.
Scald their old Cheeks with Tears! For once they hop'd
To ſeal thee for their own! And fondly deem'd
The Muſes, at thy Call, would crowding come
To deck *Antiquity* with Flowrets gay.

But

* Names of eminent Antiquaries.

That ſeems inviting! May'ſt thou pore in vain
For dubious Door-ways! May revengful Moths
Thy Ledgers eat! May chronologic Spouts
Retain no Cypher legible! May Crypts
Lurk undiſcern'd! Nor may'ſt thou ſpell the Names
Of Saints in ſtoried Windows! Nor the Dates
Of Bells diſcover! Nor the genuine Site
Of Abbot's Pantries! And may *Godſtowe* veil,
Deep from thy Eyes profane, her *Gothic* Charms!

THE

# THE PROGRESS *of* DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

WHEN now, mature in claſſic Knowledge
The joyful Youth is ſent to College,
His Father comes, a Vicar plain,
At Oxford bred——in Anna's Reign,
And thus in Form of humble Suitor,
Bowing, accoſts a reverend Tutor.
" Sir, I'm a Glo'ſterſhire Divine,
" And this my eldeſt Son of nine ;
" My Wife's Ambition and my own
" Was, that *this* Child ſhould wear a Gown :
" I'll warrant that his good Behaviour
" Will juſtify your future Favour ;
" And for his parts, to tell the Truth,
" My Son's a very forward Youth ;
" Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder
" And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
" If you'd examine—and admit him,
" A Scholarſhip would nicely fit him :
" That he ſucceeds 'tis ten to one
" Your vote and Intereſt, Sir !—'Tis done ;"

Our

Our Pupil's Hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a Scholarſhip compleated:
A Scholarſhip but half maintains,
And College Rules are heavy Chains:
In Garret dark he ſmokes and puns,
A Prey to Diſcipline and Duns;
And now intent on new Deſigns,
Sighs for a Fellowſhip—and Fines.

When nine full tedious Winters paſt,
That utmoſt wiſh is crown'd at laſt:
But the rich Prize no ſooner got,
Again he quarrels with his Lot:
" Theſe Fellowſhips are pretty Things,
" We live indeed like petty Kings:
" But who can bear to waſte his whole Age
" Amid the Dulneſs of a College,
" Debarr'd the common Joys of Life,
" And that prime Bliſs a loving Wife!
" O! what's a Table richly ſpread
" Without a Woman at its Head!
" Would ſome ſnug benefice but fall,
" Ye Feaſts, ye Dinners! farewell all!
" To Offices I'd bid adieu,
" Of Dean, Vice-præs—of Burſar too;

" Come

" Come Joys, that rural quiet yields,
" Come Tythes, and Houſe, and fruitful Fields!"

Too fond of Liberty and Eaſe
A Patrons vanity to pleaſe,
Long time he watches, and by Stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful Health;
At length——and in his fortieth Year,
A Living drops—— two hundred clear!
With Breaſt elate beyond Expreſſion,
He hurries down to take Poſſeſſion,
With Rapture views the ſweet Retreat——
" What a convenient Houſe! how neat!
" For Fuel here's ſufficient Wood:
" Pray God the Cellars may be good!
" The Garden—that muſt be new plann'd——
" Shall theſe old-faſhion'd Yew-trees ſtand?
" O'er yonder vacant Plot ſhall riſe
" The flow'ry Shrub of thouſand Dies:
" Yon Wall that feels the ſouthern Ray,
" Shall bluſh with ruddy Fruitage gay:
" While thick beneath its Aſpect warm
" O'er well-rang'd Hives the Bees ſhall ſwarm,
" From which, e'er long, of golden Gleam
" Metheglin's luſcious Juice ſhall ſtream:
" This awkward Hut o'er-grown with Ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern Privy:

" Up

" Up yon green ſlope, of Hazels trim,
" An Avenue ſo cool and dim,
" Shall to an Arbour at the End,
" In ſpite of Gout, intice a Friend.
" My Predeceſſor lov'd Devotion——
" But of a Garden had no Notion."

Continuing this fantaſtick Farce on,
He now commences country Parſon.
To make his Character entire,
He weds—a Couſin of the 'Squire;
Not over weighty in the Purſe,
But many Doctors have done worſe:
And though ſhe boaſts no Charms divine,
Yet ſhe can carve, and make Birch Wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his Barrel,
Exhorts his Neighbours not to quarrel,
Finds his Church-wardens have Diſcerning
Both in good Liquor and good Learning;
With Tythes his Barns replete he ſees,
And chuckles o'er his Surplice-fees;
Studies to find out latent Dues,
And regulates the *State* of Pews;
Rides a ſleek Mare with purple Houſing,
To ſhare the monthly Club's carouſing;
Of Oxford Pranks facetious tells,

And

And—but on Sundays—hears no Bells:
Sends Preſents of his choiceſt Fruit,
And prunes himſelf each ſapleſs Shoot;
Plants Colliflow'rs and boaſts to rear
The earlieſt Melon of the Year;
Thinks Alteration charming Work is,
Keeps Bantam Cocks, and feeds his Turkies;
Builds in his Copſe a favourite Bench,
And ſtores the Pond with Carp and Tench.—

But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs Breaſt
By Cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
And a third Butcher's Bill, and Brewing,
Threaten inevitable Ruin.
For Children freſh Expences yet,
And *Dicky* now for School is fit.
" Why did I ſell my College Life
" (He cries) for Benefice and Wife?
" Return, ye Days! when endleſs Pleaſure
' I found in Reading, or in Leiſure!
" When calm around the common Room
" I puff'd my daily Pipe's Perfume!
" Rode for a Stomach, and inſpected,
" At annual Bottlings, Corks ſelected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled under
" The Portrait of our pious Founder!

" When *Impoſitions* were ſupply'd
" To light my Pipe——or ſooth my Pride!
" No Cares were then for forward Peas
" A yearly-longing Wife to pleaſe;
" My Thoughts no Chriſt'ning Dinners croſt,
" No Children cry'd for butter'd Toaſt;
" And ev'ry Night I went to Bed'
" Without a *Modus* in my Head!',

Oh! trifling Head, and fickle Heart!
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art;
A Dupe to Follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of Pleaſures ſcarce enjoy'd!
Each Prize poſſeſs'd, thy Tranſport ceaſes,
And in Purſuit alone it pleaſes.

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## THE
## MOUSE and OYSTER.

WHEN Midnight's ſable Veil o'erſpread the Plain,
When Bats and Fairies, Mice and *Morpheus* reign,
A bold undaunted Mouſe that long defy'd
The various Stratagems that *Kate* had try'd,
His deſtin'd Doom receiv'd, for ſoon or late,
Both Mice and Monarch's muſt ſubmit to Fate.

Oft

Oft was the Moon with ſilver Luſtre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal Pirate march'd, his Round;
Soon as his Foe, the Sun, had took his Flight,
Tips forth the little Champion of the Night;
With cautious Tread, ſecure from fell Miſhap,
Of Puſs, of Poiſon, or tremendous Trap,
Still at the Head of his rapacious Clan,
He ſkipt from Shelf to Shelf, from Pan to Pan;
With noſe ſagacious ſmoak'd the baited Gin,
Wary and conſcious of the Snare within:
Now feaſts on rich Variety of Meats,
And oft in Cheeſe his own Apartments eats;
Regales on Floods of Cream, Ragouts, and Cakes,
Of all the Dainties of the Day partakes:
Now ſtorms rich Conſerves with voluptuous Taſte,
And ſaps the tender Tenements of Paſte.
As yet unharm'd the Epicure patroll'd,
And fearleſs o'er his ſilent Suburbs ſtroll'd;
Luxurious Nights in pleaſing Plunder paſs'd,
Nor dream't that this was doom'd to be his laſt.
For now the Time—the deſtin'd Time was ſent;
So Fate ordain'd,—and who can Fate prevent?
Thick Shades once more had veil'd the haunted Houſe,
Once more from Coverts bolts th' adventrous Mouſe,

Lighting in evil Hour in Queſt of Prey,
Where in a Groupe th' avenging Oyſter lay:
A Fiſh commiſſion'd from the watry Throng,
With Ligament of ſcaly Armour ſtrong;
Lay with expanded Jaws, and gaping Shell,
(But who the ſad Cataſtrophe can tell?)
The dainty Mouſe, ſtill craving ſome new Diſh,
Enters the gloomy manſions of the Fiſh;
With Beard exploring, and with luſcious Lip,
He longs the Pickle of the Seas to ſip.
Rous'd by his Tuſks, th' elaſtick Oyſter fell,
Caught cloſe the Caitiff's Head in watry Cell;
In vain the Victim labours to get free,
From Durance hard, and dread Captivity;
Lock'd in the cloſe Embrace, enſnar'd he lies,
In Pill'ry ſafe, pants, ſtruggles, ſqueaks, and dies.
Thus the juſt Fate of his own Crimes he meets,
Like Rakes expiring in deſtructive Sweets.
Now placed on high, the Maſter views the Prize,
And hails the Conqueſt with exulting Eyes!
And when beneath ſedate he ſits and ſmoaks,
And cracks his Nuts, his Bottles, or his Jokes,
This Tale he tells to grace the Chriſtmas Pye,
And to the trophy'd Relicts 'points on high.

# AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION. In a COLLEGE.

*Being a* PARODY *on* GRAY'S ELEGY, *in a* COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the Hour of cloſing Gates,
With jarring Sound the Porter turns the Key,
Then in his dreary Manſion ſlumb'ring waits,
And ſlowly, ſternly quits it... tho' for me.

Now ſhine the Spires beneath the paly Moon,
And through the Cloyſter Peace and Silence reign;
Save where ſome Fiddler ſcrapes a drowſy Tune,
Or copious Bowls inſpire a jovial Strain:

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled Room,
Where lies a Student in profound Repoſe,
Oppreſs'd with Ale, wide-echoes thro' the Gloom
The droning Muſic of his vocal Noſe.

Within thoſe Walls, where thro' the glimm'ring ſhade
Appear the Pamphlets in a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the College ſleep.

The tinkling Bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noiſy Servants rattling o'er their Head,
The calls of Buſineſs, and domeſtic Cares
Ne'er rouſe theſe Sleepers from their downy Bed.

No chatt'ring Females crowd their ſocial Fire,
No Dread have they of Diſcord and of Strife;
Unknown the Names of Huſband and of Sire,
Unfelt the Plagues of matrimonial Life.

Oft have they baſk'd along the Sunny Walls,
Oft have the Benches bow'd beneath their Weight:
How jocund are their Looks when Dinner calls!
How ſmoke the Cutlets on their crowded Plate!

O let not Temp'rance too-diſdainful hear
How long our Feaſts, how long our Dinners laſt;
Nor let the Fair with a contemptuous Sneer
On theſe unmarry'd Men Reflections caſt!

The ſplendid Fortune and the beauteous Face
(Themſelves confeſs it and their Sires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by Scarlet and by Lace:
Theſe Sons of Science ſhine in Black alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary Fault,
If theſe no Feats of Gayety diſplay,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing Vault
Melodious Fraſi trills her quav'ring Lay.

Say,

Say, is the Sword well ſuited to the Band,
Does broider'd Coat agree with ſable Gown,
Can Dreſden's Laces ſhade a Churchman's Hand,
Or Learning's Vot'ries ape the Beaux of Town?

Perhaps in theſe time-tott'ring Walls reſide
Some who were once the darlings of the Fair;
Some who of old could Taſtes and Faſhions guide,
Controul the manager and awe the Play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant Mind
With Rome's rich Spoils and Truth's exalted Views;
Fir'd them with Tranſports of a nobler Kind,
And bade them ſlight all Females.... but the Muſe.

Full many a Lark high-tow'ring to the Sky,
Unheard, unheeded greets th' Approach of Light;
Full many a Star, unſeen by mortal Eye,
With twinkling Luſtre glimmers thro' the Night.

Some future *Herring*, that with dauntleſs Breaſt
Rebellion's Torrrent ſhall like him oppoſe;
Some mute, ſome thoughtleſs *Hardwicke* here may reſt,
Some *Pelham* dreadful to his Country's Foes.

From Prince and People to command Applauſe,
'Midſt ermin'd Peers to guide the high debate,
To ſhield Britannia's and Religion's Laws,
And ſteer with ſteady Courſe the Helm of State,

Fate

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumſcribes alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confines ;
Forbids in Freedom's Veil t'inſult the Throne,
Beneath her Maſk to hide the worſt deſigns,

To fill the madding Crowd's perverted Mind
With " Penſions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews ;"
Or ſhut the Gates of Heav'n on loſt Mankind,
And wreſt their darling Hopes, their future Views,

Far from the giddy Town's tumultuous Strife,
Their Wiſhes yet have never learn'd to ſtray ;
Content and happy in a ſingle Life
They keep the noiſeleſs Tenor of their Way.

E'en now their Books from Cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by Doors of Glaſs, in Doric Style,
On fluted Pillars rais'd, with Bronzes deck'd,
They claim the paſſing Tribute of a Smile.

Oft are the Authors, Names, tho' richly bound,
Miſ-ſpelt by blund'ring Binder's want of Care ;
And many a Catalogue is ſtrowed around,
To tell th' admiring Gueſt what Books are there.

For who, to thoughtleſs Ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold ſhort Dalliance with a Book ?
Who there, but wiſhes to prolong his Stay,
And on thoſe Caſes caſts a ling'ring Look ?

*Reports*

*Reports* attract the Lawyer's parting Eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
For Songs and Plays the Voice of Beauty cries,
And Senſe and Nature Grandiſon deſire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd Compeers
Doſt in their Lines their artleſs Tales relate,
If chance, with prying Search, in future Years,
Some Antiquarian ſhall enquire thy Fate,

Haply ſome Friend may ſhake his hoary Head,
And ſay, 'Each morn. unchill'd by Froſts, he ran
With Hoſe ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy Bed,
'To reach the Chapel ere the Pſalms began.

'There in the Arms of that. lethargic Chair,
'Which rears it's moth-devoured Back ſo high,
At noon he quaff'd three Glaſſes to the Fair,
And por'd upon the News with curious Eye.

'Now by the Fire, engag'd in ſerious Talk
'Or mirthful Converſe, would he loit'ring ſtand;
'Then in the Garden choſe a ſunny walk,
'Or launch'd the poliſh'd Bowl with ſteady Hand;

'One Morn we miſs'd him at the Hour of Pray'r,
'Beſide the Fire, and on his fav'rite Green;
'Another came, nor yet within the Chair,
'Nor yet at Bowls, nor Chapel was he ſeen.

'The

' The next we heard that in a neighb'ring Shire
' That day to Church he led a bluſhing Bride;
' A Nymph whoſe ſnowy Veſt and maiden Fear
' Improv'd her Beauty while the knot was ty'd.

' Now by his Patron's bounteous Care remov'd,
' He roves enraptur'd through the Fields of Kent;
' Yet ever mindful of the Place he lov'd,
' Read here the Letter which he lately ſent.'

*The* LETTER.

" In rural Innocence ſecure I dwell,
" Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
" Approving Conſcience chears my humble Cell,
" And ſocial Quiet marks me for her own.

" Next to the Bleſſings of religious Truth
" Two Gifts my endleſs Gratitude engage;
" A Wife, the Joy and Tranſport of my Youth,
" Now, with a Son, the comfort of my Age.

" Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,
" In loftier Spheres unfit, untaught to move;
" Content with calm, domeſtic Life, where meet
" The Smiles of Friendſhip, and the Sweets of Love.

# The PHAETON,

AND THE

# ONE HORSE CHAIR,

AT *Balgrave*'s* once upon a Time,
There ſtood a PHAETON ſublime:
Unſullied by the duſty Road
It's Wheels with recent Crimſon glow'd;
It's Sides diſplay'd a dazzling Hue,
It's Harneſs tight, it's Lining new:
No ſcheme-enamour'd Youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily deck'd Machine,
But fondly long'd to ſeize the reins,
And whirl o'er *Campsfield*'s * tempting Plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A ONE HORSE CHAIR had took it's Stand;
When thus our Vehicle begun
To ſneer the luckleſs *Chaiſe and One.*

"How could my Maſter place me here
Within thy vulgar Atmoſphere?
From claſſic Ground pray ſhift thy Station,
Thou Scorn of *Oxford* Education!
Your homely Make, believe me, Man,
Is quite upon the Gothic Plan;

And

* Well known at *Oxford* for letting out Carriages, 1763.
In the Road to *Blenheim.*

And you, and all your clumſy Kind,
For loweſt Purpoſes deſign'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd Mare,
To drag for Benefit of Air,
The country Parſon's pregnant Wife,
Thou Friend of dull *domeſtic* Life!
Or, with his Maid and Aunt, to School,
To carry *Dicky* on a Stool:
Or, haply to ſome Chriſtening gay,
A brace of Godmothers convey.——
Or, when bleſt *Saturday* prepares
For *London* Tradeſmen reſt from Cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one Day,
Companion of their genial *Sunday!*
'Tis thine, o'er Turnpikes newly made,
When timely Show'rs the Duſt have laid,
To bear ſome Alderman ſerene
To *fragant* Hampſtead's *ſylvan* ſcene.
Nor higher ſcarce thy Merit riſes
Among the poliſh'd Sons of *Iſis.*
Hir'd for a ſolitary Crown,
Can'ſt thou to *Schemes* invite the *Gown?*
Go, tempt ſome Prig, pretending Taſte,
With Hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er Mutton-chops, and ſcanty Wine,
At humble *Dorcheſter* to dine!

Mean-

Meantime remember, lifeleſs Drone!
I carry *Bucks* and *Bloods* alone.
And oh! whene'er the Weather's friendly,
What Inn at *Abingdon* or *Henly*,
But ſtill my vaſt Importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering Wheels.
And think obedient to the Thong,
How yon gay Street we ſmoak along:
While all with envious Wonder view
The Corner turn'd ſo *quick* and *true*."

To check an Upſtart's empty Pride,
Thus ſage the ONE HORSE CHAIR reply'd.

" Pray, when the Conſequence is weigh'd,
What's all your Spirit and Parade?
From Mirth to Grief what ſad Tranſitions,
To broken Bones and *Impoſitions!*
Or if no Bones are broke, what's worſe,
Your *Schemes* make work for *Glaſs** and *Nourſe*.—
On us pray ſpare your keen reproaches,
From *One Horſe Chairs* Men riſe to *Coaches*;
If calm Diſcretion's ſtedfaſt Hand,
With cautious Skill the Reins command.
From me fair *Health*'s freſh Fountain ſprings,
O'er me ſoft *Snugneſs* ſpreads, her Wings:

* Eminent Surgeons in *Oxford*

And

And *Innocence* reflects her Ray
To gild my calm ſequeſter'd Way:
E'en Kings might quit their State to ſhare
Contentment, and a *One Horſe Chair*.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing Street.
Your rapid Wheels reſound ſo ſweet;
Shall *Iſis'* Sons thus vainly prize
A RATTLE *of a larger Size?*

BLAGRAVE, who during the Diſpute,
Stood in a Corner, ſnug and mute,
Surpriz'd, no Doubt, in lofty Verſe,
To hear his Carriages converſe,
With ſolemn Face, o'er *Oxford* Ale,
To me diſcloſed this wonderous Tale:
I ſtrait diſpatched it to the Muſe,
Who bruſh'd it up for *Jackſon's** News,
And what has oft' been penn'd in Proſe,
Added this Moral at the Cloſe.

" Things may be uſeful if obſcure;
" The Pace that's ſlow is often ſure:
" When empty Pageantries we prize,
" We raiſe but Duſt to blind our Eyes.
" The GOLDEN MEAN can beſt beſtow
" *Safety* for unſubſtantial *ſhow*.

* *Jackſon's* OXFORD JOURNAL; where this FABLE firſt appeared.

THE

# THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

---------- Sing, Heavenly Muſe,
Things unattempted yet, in Proſe or Rhime,
A SHILLING, BREECHES, and CHIMERAS dire.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Striſe,
In Silken or in Leathern Purſe, retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe,
To Jun'per's Magpye, or Town-hall *repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
CLOE or PHILLIS; he each circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff,
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff

* Two noted Alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

Regale

Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſhed Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus* ill-perfuming Scent.
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size,
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwaladur* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in romantick tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing, rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the antient Town
Yeleap'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and ſilent pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel aſcends;
With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded to the dark Receſs I fly

Of

Confounded to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my bruſtling Hairs erect
Thro' ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forbode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men;) behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of Aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and magick Charms
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till in Form
Of Money, PALLAS ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallowed Touch, So (Poets ſing)
*Grimalkin* to domeſtic Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Webb
*Arachne* in a Hall, or Kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable nor will aught avail
Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then, with envenomed Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This world invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream.
Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled Thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſing Fantom curſe.

Thus do I live, from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*;
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,

Nor *Medlar*-Fruit, delicious in Decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid Chaſm diſcloſe with Orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
*Eurus* and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray,
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks ſounding in the vaſt Abyſs.

A Pa-

# A Panegyric on OXFORD ALE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

- - - - - - - - - - - - Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites. neque Formiani
Pocula Colles. HORAT.

BALM of my cares, ſweet Solace of my Toils,
Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the coſtly cups
Of Riot-ſtirring Wine, unwholſome Draught,
Let Pride's looſe Sons prolong the waiſtful Night;
My ſober Ev'ning let the Tankard bleſs,
With Toaſt embrown'd, and fragrant Nutmeg fraught,
While the rich Draught with oft-repeated Whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repaſt!
Where no crude ſurfeit, or intemperate Joys
Of lawleſs Bacchus reign; but o'er my Soul
A Calm Lethean creeps, in drowſy Trance
Each Thought ſubſides, and ſweet Oblivion wraps
My peaceful Brain, as if the leaden Rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine Eyes had ſhed
Its opiate Influence. What tho' ſore Ills
Oppreſs, dire Want of chill-diſpelling Coals
Or chearful Candle, (ſave the Make-Weight's Gleam
Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE

Chears the ſad Scene, and every Want ſupplies.
Meantime, not mindleſs of the daily taſk
Of Tutor ſage, upon the learned Leaves
Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I mediate;
While ALE inſpires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing Labour to purſue,
Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if Friends
Cogenial call me from the toilſome Page,
To Pot-houſe I repair, the ſacred Haunt,
Where, ALE, thy Votaries in full reſort,
Hold Rites Nocturnal. In capacious Chair
Of monumental Oak and antique Mould,
That long has ſtood the Rage of conquering Years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample Chair
Smoaks roſy Juſtice, when th' important cauſe,
Whether of Hen-rooſt, or of mirthful Rape,
In all the Majeſty of Paunch he tries)
Studious of eaſe, and provident, I place
My gladſome Limbs; while in repeated Round
Returns repleniſh'd, the ſucceſſive Cup,
And the briſk Fire conſpires to genial Joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring Hours
In innocent delight, amuſive Putt
On ſmooth joint-ſtool in emblematic Play
The vain viciſſitudes of Fortune ſhews.
Nor Reckoning, Name tremendous, me diſturbs,

Nor

Nor, call'd for, chills my Breaſt with ſudden Fear;
While on the wonted Door, expreſſive Mark,
The frequent Penny ſtands diſcrib'd to View,
In ſnowy Characters and graceful Row.
Hail, TICKING! ſureſt Guardian of Diſtreſs!
Beneath thy Shelter, pennyleſs I quaff
The chearful Cup, not hear with hopeleſs heart
New Oyſters cry'd:—Tho' much the Poet's Friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic Strain,
Accept this Tribute of Poetic Praiſe!
Nor Proctor thrice with vocal Heel alarms
Our Joys ſecure, nor deigns the lowly Roof
Of Pot-houſe ſnug to viſit: wiſer he
The ſplendid Tavern haunts, or Coffee-houſe
Of JAMES or JUGGINS, were the greatful Breath
Of loath'd Tobacco ne'er diffuſ'd its Balm;
But the lewd Spendthrift, faſly deem'd polite,
While ſteams around the fragrant Indian Bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar Sons of humbler ALE:
In vain—The Proctor's Voice arreſts their joys;
Juſt Fate of wanton Pride and looſe Exceſs!
Nor leſs by Day delightful is thy Draught,
All-pow'rful ALE! whoſe ſorrow-ſoothing Sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd Stockings aſk my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious Toil

Slides

Slides unregarded. Let the tender Swain
Each Morn regale on nerve-relaxing Tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving Nymph:
Be mine each Morn with eager Appetite
And Hunger undiſſembled, to repair
To friendly Buttery: there on ſmoaking Cruſt
And foaming ALE to banquet unreſtrained,
Material Breakfaſt! Thus in ancient Days
Our Anceſtors robuſt with liberal Cups
Uſher'd the Morn, unlike the ſqueamiſh Sons
Of modern Times: Nor ever had the Might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With Britiſh ALE improving Britiſh worth.
With ALE irriguous, undiſmay'd I hear
The frequent Dun aſcend my lofty Dome
Importunate: Whether the plaintive Voice
Of Laundreſs ſhrill awake my ſtartled Ear;
Or Barber ſpruce with ſupple Look intrude;
Or Taylor with obſequious Bow advance;
Or Groom invade me with defying Front
And ſtern Demeanour, whoſe emaciate Steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus ſhone with kindlier Beams,
Or luckier Chance the borrow'd Boots ſupply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring Steel.
In vain they plead or threat: All-powerful ALE
Excuſes new ſupplies, and each deſcends
With joyleſs pace, and debt-deſpairing Looks:

E'en

E'en SPACEY with indignant Brow retires,
Fierceſt of Duns! and conquer'd quits the Field.
Why did the Gods ſuch various bleſſings pour
On hapleſs Mortals, from their grateful Hands
So ſoon the ſhort-liv'd Bounty to recall?——
Thus, while improvident of future Ill,
I quaff the luſcious Tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtleſs riot in unlicenc'd Bliſs;
Sudden (dire Fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Burſar's croſs-affixing Hand
Blaſts all my Joys, and ſtops my glad Career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-houſe longer yields
A ſure retreat, when Night o'erſhades the Skies;
Nor SHEPPARD, barbarous Matron, longer gives
The wanted Truſt, and WINTER ticks no more.
Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous Scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant Bow'r
On Fruits divine to feaſt, freſh Shade and Vale
No more to viſit, or vine-mantled Grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary Wilderneſs,
And unrejoicing Solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchleſs bard, whoſe Lay reſounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's Praiſe, in nightly Gloom
Of loneſome Garret, pin'd for chearful ALE;
Whoſe Steps in Verſe Miltonic I purſue,
Mean Follower: like him with honeſt Love
Of ALE divine inſpir'd, and Love of Song.

But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful Care
Avert his hapleſs Lot! Enough for me
That burning with cogenial Flame I dar'd
His guiding Steps at Diſtance to purſue,
And ſing his favorite Theme in kindred Strains.

ODE

# ODE to HORROR.

In the *Allegoric*, *Deſcriptive*, *Epithetical*, *Alliterative*, *Fantaſtic*, *Hyperbolical*, and *Diabolical* STYLE of our modern ODE-WRIGHTS, and MONODY-MONGERS.

----- *Ferreus ingruit Horror.* VIRG.

O Goddeſs of the gloomy Scene,
Of ſhadowy Shapes thou black-brow'd Queen;
Thy Treſſes dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring Abby found;
Oft wont from Charnels damp and dim,
To call the ſheeted Spectre grim,
While as his looſe Chains loudly clink,
Thou add'ſt a Length to every Link;
O thou, that lov'ſt at Eve to ſeek
The penſive pacing Pilgrim meek,
And ſet'ſt before his ſhuddering Eyes
Strange Forms, and Friends of Giant-ſize,
As wildly works thy wizzard Will,
Till fear-ſtruck Fancy has her Fill:
Dark Pow'r, whoſe magic Might prevails
O'er Hermit-rocks, and Fairy-vales;
O Goddeſs, erſt by *SPENSER view'd,
What Time th' Enchanter vile embru'd,

*SPENSER's Fairy Queen, b. 3. canto 12.

His

His Hands in FLORIMEL's pure Heart,
Till loos'd by ſteel-clad BRITOMART :
O thou that erſt on Fancy's Wing
Didſt terror-trembling † TASSO bring,
To Groves where kept damn'd furies dire
Their blue-tipt Battlements of Fire :
Thou that thro' many a darkſom Pine.
O'er the rugged Rock recline,
Did'ſt wake the hollow whiſp'ring Breeze
With care-conſumed ELOISE :
O thou, with whom in chearleſs Cell,
The midnight Clock pale Pris'ners tell ;
O haſte thee, mild *Miltonic* Maid,
From yonder Yew's ſequeſter'd ſhade ;
More bright than all the fabled Nine,
Teach me to breathe the ſolemn Line !
O bid my well-rang'd Numbers riſe
Pervious to none but *Attic* Eyes ;
O give the Strain that Madneſs moves,
Till every ſtarting Senſe approves !
What felt the *Gallic* * Traveller,
When far in *Arab*-deſert drear,

† Gieruſ. Liberat. b. 14.

* I do not remember that any poetical Uſe has been made of this Story.

He

He found within the Catacomb,
Alive, the Terrors of a Tomb?
While many a Mummy through the ſhade,
In hieroglyphic Stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the myſtic Head,
And trace the Gloom with ghoſtly Tread;
Thou heardſt him pour the ſtifled Groan,
HORROR! his Soul was all thy own!
O Mother of the fire-clad Thought,
O haſte thee from thy grave-like Grot!
(What Time the Witch perform'd her Rite,)
Sprung from th' Embrace of TASTE and Night!
O Queen! that erſt didſt thinly ſpread
The Willowy Leaves o'er † ISIS' Head,
And to her meek Mien did'ſt diſpenſe
Woe's moſt awful Negligence;
What Time, in Cave, with Viſage pale,
She told her elegiac Tale:
O thou! whom wandring WARTON ſaw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful Awe,
As by the pale Moon's glimm'ring Gleam
He mus'ed his *melancholy* Theme*:
O curfeu-loving Goddeſs haſte!
O waft me to ſome SCYTHIAN Waſte,
Where, in *Gothic* Solitude,
Mid Proſpects moſt ſublimely rude,

† See ISIS, an ELEGY

* See The PLEASURES of MELANCHOLY, a POEM.

Beneath

Beneath a rough Rock's gloomy Chaſm,
Thy Siſter ſits, ENTHUSIASM:
Let me with her, in magic Trance,
Hold moſt delirious Dalliance;
Till I, thy penſive Votary,
HORROR, look madly wild like thee;
Until I gain true Tranſport's Shore,
And Life's retiring Scene is o'er;
Aſpire to ſome more azure Sky,
Remote from dim Mortality;
At Length, recline the fainting Head.
In *Druid*-dreams diſſolv'd and dead,

# A PIPE of TOBACCO.

In Imitation of

## Six Several AUTHORS.

By HAWKINS BROWNE, Eſq;

## I. A NEW YEAR's ODE,

In Imitation of COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq;

### RECITATIVO.

OLD Battle-array, big with Horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her Head,
Sing, ye Muſes, TOBACCO, the Bleſſing of Peace;
Was ever a Nation ſo bleſſed as this?

### AIR.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat,
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' Ire,
When wintry ſtorms around us beat,
TOBACCO chears with gentle Fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful ſpring,
In thy Praiſes jointly ſing.

### RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN Fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets;

Old

Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's Pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy Mortal! he who knows
Pleaſure which a Pipe beſtows;
Curling Eddies climb the Room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boaſt,
While Waſtes of War deform the teeming coaſt;
BRITANNIA, diſtant from each hoſtile ſound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with Eaſe and Freedom crown'd;
E'en reſtleſs Faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling Years that gayly run,
Round the Zodiack with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.
BRITISH Sons no longer now
Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow,
Nor of crimſon Combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHO-

CHORUS,

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

## II. Imitation of Mr. A. PHILLIPS.

LITTLE Tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my warm deſire,
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
And thy ſnowy Taper Waiſt,
With my Finger gently brac'd
And thy pretty ſwelling Creſt,
With my little Stopper preſt,
And the ſweeteſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Breathing from thy Balmy Kiſſes.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men;
Who when agen the Night returns,
When agen the Taper burns;
When agen the Cricket's gay,
(Little Cricket full of play)
Can afford his Tube to feed
With the fragrant INDIAN Weed:

Pleaſure for a Noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine.
Happy thrice. and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men.

## III. Imitation of Mr. THOMPSON.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Heſperian Suns,
TOBACCO, Fountain pure of limpid Truth,
That looks the very Soul; whence pouring Thought
Swarms all the mind, abſorpt is yellow Care,
And at each Puff imagination burns.
Flaſh on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
Touch the myſterious Lip that chaunts thy Praiſe,
In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.
Behold an Engine, wrought from tawny Mines
Of ductile Clay with plaſtick Virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
Itſelf one Tortoiſe all, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume
With the red Touch of zeal-enkindling ſheet.
Mark'd with Gibſonian Lore; forth iſſue Clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirſt-inciting Clouds around,
And many-mining Fires: I all the while,
Lolling at Eaſe, inhale the Breezy Balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,

In

In genial Strife and orthodoxal Ale,
Stream Life and Joy into the Muſes' Bowl.
Oh be thou ſtill my great inſpirer, thou
My Muſe; oh fan me with thy Zephyrs Boon,
While I, in clouded Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all Oracle and myſtick Song.

## IV. Imitation of Dr. YOUNG.

CRITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;
Tremble like Hornets at the blaſting Steam.
And you, Court-inſects, flutter not too near
Its Light, nor buzz within the ſcorching ſphere.
POLLIO, with Flame like thine, my Verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from Smoke elicit Fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling Sting of Snuff;
Yet all their Claim to Wiſdom is—a Puff:
Lord FOPLIN ſmokes not—for his Teeth afraid:
Sir TAWDRY ſmokes not—for he wears Brocade.
Ladies, when Pipes are brought, affect to ſwoon;
They love no Smoke, except the Smoke of Town;
But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe,—no Matter,
Strange if they love the Breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but ſhew their ignorance; can he
Who ſcorns the Leaf of Knowledge, love the Tree?
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, though it makes him—ſpit.

CITRONIA vows it has an odious Stink:
She will not ſmoke (ye Gods!) but ſhe will drink:
And chaſte PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature Man:
Yet Crouds remain, who ſtill its Worth proclaim,
While ſome for Pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for Fame:
Fame, of our Actions univerſal Spring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke,—ev'ry thing.

## V. Imitation of Mr. POPE.

BLEST Leaf! whoſe aromatick Gales diſpenſe
To Templars Modeſty, to Parſons Senſe:
So raptur'd Prieſts, at fam'd DODONA's Shrine:
Drank inſpiration from the Steam divine.
Poiſon that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content, more ſolid than the Smile of Lords:
Reſt to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The laſt kind Refuge of the Wiſe and Good.
Inſpir'd by thee, dull Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of Europe's Peace, when other Stateſmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy Siſter, Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
Nor leſs the Critick owns thy genial Aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling Trade.
What though to Love and ſoft delights a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,

Yet

Yet ſocial Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
Fair Health, Fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, Come with healing Wings,
And let me taſte thee unexcis'd by Kings.

## VI. Imitation of Dean SWIFT.

BOY! bring an Ounce of FREEMAN's beſt,
And bid the Vicar be my Gueſt:
Let all be plac'd in Manner Due,
A Pot wherein to ſpit or ſpue,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of uſe to light a Pipe, or * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Village, unmoleſted yet
My Troopers, ſhall be my Retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for Pay.
Far from the Vermin of the Town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a Pipe, whoſe Vapour bland
In ſweet Oblivion lulls the Land,
Of all which at Vienna paſſes,
As ignorant as * * * Braſs is:
And ſcorning raſcals to careſs,
Extoll the Days of good Queen BESS,

When firſt TOBACCO bleſt our Iſle,
Then think of other Queens—and ſmile.
Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight Revelry and Song;
The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
That echoes ſweet in City Hall;
The Parſon's Pun, the ſmutty Tale
Of country Juſtice o'er his Ale.
I aſk not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compaſs Britain's Ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

THE

# THE

# PLEASURE *of being* OUT OF DEBT.

## HORACE, Ode XXII. Book 1. imitated

*Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, &c.*

I.

THE Man, who not a Farthing owes,
Looks down with ſcornful eye on thoſe,
Who riſe by Fraud and Cunning;
Though in the *Pig-market* he ſtand
With Aſpect grave and clear-ſtarch'd band,
He fears no Tradeſman's Dunning.

II.

He paſſes by each ſhop in Town,
Nor hides his Face beneath his gown,
No dread his heart invading;
He quaffs the Nectar of the *Tuns*,
Or on a ſpur-gall'd Hackney runs,
To London Maſquerading.

III.

What Joy attends a new-paid debt!
Our Manciple I lately met
Of Viſage wiſe and prudent;
I on the nail my Battels paid,
The Monſter turn'd away diſmay'd.
Hear this, each *Oxford* Student!

IV.

IV.

With Juſtice and with Truth to trace
The grieſly features of his Face,
Exceeds all Man's recounting;
Suffice, he look'd as grim and ſour
As any Lion in the Tower,
Or half-ſtarv'd Cat-a-Mountain.

V.

A Phiz ſo grim you ſcarce can meet
In Bedlam, Newgate, or the Fleet,
Dry Nurſe of Faces horrid!
Not BUCKHORSE, fierce with many a bruiſe,
Diſplays ſuch complicated Hues
On his undaunted Forehead.

VI.

Place me on Scotlands bleakeſt hill,
provided I can pay my Bill,
Hang ev'ry thought of Sorrow;
There falling Sleet, or Froſt or Rain,
Attack a ſoul reſolv'd in vain: ——
It may be fair to-morrow.

VII.

To *Heddington* then let me ſtray,
And take *Jo. Pullen's Tree* away,
I'll ne'er complain of Phœbus;

But

But while he ſcorches up the Graſs,
I'll fill a Bumper to my Laſs,
And toaſt her in a Rebus.

---

## ODE *to an* EAGLE,
### Confined in a COLLEGE COURT.

*Quis tam crudeles optavit ſumere pœnas,*
*Cui tantum de te licuit ?* ——— VIRG.
*Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ.* HOR.

IMperial Bird, who wont to ſoar
High o'er the rolling Cloud,
Where Hyperborean Mountains hoar
Their Heads in Ether ſhroud ;———
Thou ſervant of Almighty Jove,
Who free and ſwift as thought, could'ſt rove
To the bleak North's extremeſt Goal ;———
Thou, who magnanimous could'ſt bear
The ſovereign Thund'rer's Arms in Air,
And ſhake thy native pole !———

II.

Oh cruel Fate ! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic Ire,
At ſome fierce Tyrant's dread Command,
To check thy daring Fire,

Has

Has plac'd thee in this ſervile Cell,
Where Diſcipline and Dulneſs dwell;
Where Genius ne'er was ſeen to roam:
Where ev'ry ſelfiſh Soul's at reſt,
Nor ever quits the carnal Breaſt,
But lurks and ſneaks at Home!

III.

Though dim'd thine Eye, and clipt thy wing.
So grov'ling! once ſo great!
The grief-inſpired Muſe ſhall ſing
In tend'reſt Lays thy Fate:
What time by thee ſcholaſtic Pride,
Takes his preciſe, pedantic Stride,
Nor on thy Mis'ry caſts a care;
The Stream of Love ne'er from his Heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But ſtinks, and ſtagnates there.

IV.

Yet uſeful ſtill, hold to the Throng——
Hold the reflecting Glaſs,——
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The paſſenger may paſs:
Thou Type of Wit and ſenſe confin'd,
Cramp'd by th' Oppreſſors of the Mind;

Born to look downward on the ground!
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome!
While more than mathematic Gloom,
Envelopes all around!

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THE

# ART of PREACHING,

## A FRAGMENT

In Imitation of HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

By the late Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

- - - *Pendent opera interrupta.* - - -

SHOULD ſome fam'd Hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw RICH, as RICH appears upon the Stage,
With all his Poſtures, in one motley plan,
The God, the Hound, the Monkey and the Man;
Here o'er his Head high-brandiſhing a Leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his Egg;
While Monſter crowds on Monſter through the Piece,
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or as a Drunkards dream together brings

A Court

A Court of Coblers and a mob of Kings;
Such is a ſermon, where confus'dly dark,
Join *Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke,*
So Eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chymic Liquors if you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.

This Licence Prieſts and Painters ever had,
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For theſe can't reconcile God's Grace to Sin,
Nor thoſe paint Tygers in an Aſs's Skin;
No common dauber in one piece would join
A Fox and Gooſe,——Unleſs upon a ſign.
Some ſteal a Page of ſenſe from *Tillotſon.*
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like Oil on water mounts the Prelate up,
His Grace is always ſure to be at Top;
That Vein of Mercury it's Beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a mine of Lead.
With ſuch low Arts your hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a Fuſtian lin'd with Silk?
Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff, I'd walk the Town,
Without my Scarf in *Whiſton's* draggled Gown;
Ply at the *Chapter* and at *Child's* to read
For Pence, and bury for a Groat a Head.

Some eaſy Subject chuſe, within your power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.

Still

Still to your Hearers all your Sermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at the Court?
Againſt church pow'r at Viſitations bawl?
Or talk about Damnation at *Whitehall?*
Harangue the Horſe-guards on a Cure of Souls?
Condemn the Quirks of Chancery at the *Rolls?*
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. *Paul's?*
Or be, like *David Jones,* ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at Uſurers in *Lombard-ſtreet?*
Begin with Care, nor, like that Curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling Style:
" Whoever with a piercing *Eye* can *ſee,*
" Through the *paſt* Records of *Futurity*"—
All gape, no Meaning: the puft orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing for an hour,
Truth and the Text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal Dames inſipid Water pour,
Till Green, Bohea, or Coffee are no more.
His Arguments in giddy circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turnſpit, as the Wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
No Parts diſtinct, or general Scheme we find,
But one wild ſhapeleſs Monſter of the Mind:
So when old Bruin teems, her Children fail
Of Limbs, Form, Figure, Features, Head or Tail;

Nay,

Nay, though ſhe licks the Ruins, all her Cares
Scarce mend the Lumps, and bring them but to Bears.
Ye Country Vicars, when you preach in Town
A Turn at *Paul*'s, to pay your Journey down,
If you would ſhun the Sneer of every Prig,
Lay by the little Band, and ruſty Wig:
But yet be ſure, your proper Language know,
Nor talk as born within the Sound of *Bow*.
Speak not the Phraſe that *Drury-lane* affords,
Nor from '*Change-alley* ſteal a cant of words.
Coachmen will criticiſe your Style, nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful Murder:
The Dregs of the Canaille will look aſkew
To hear the Language of the Town from you;
Nay, my Lord May'r, with Merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his Nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the Aldermen to hear the jeſt.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

# THE CELEBRATED SONG OF THE ALL-SOULS MALLARD

GRIFFIN, Buſtard, Turkey, Capon,
Let other hungry Mortals gape on ;
And on the bones their Stomach fall hard,
But let all Souls-men have their Mallard.
Oh ! by the Blood of King Edward,
Oh ! by the Blood of King Edward,
It was a ſwopping, ſwopping Mallard.
The *Romans* once admir'd a *Gander*
More than they did their chief Commander ;
Becauſe he ſav'd, if ſome don't fool us,
The place that's call'd from the *Head of Tolus*.
Oh ! by the Blood, &c.

The Poet's feign'd *Jove* turn'd a Swan,
But let them prove it, if they can :
As for our Proof 'tis not at all hard,
For it was a ſwopping, ſwopping MALLARD.
Oh ! by the Blood, &c.

Swopping he was from Bill to Eye ;
Swopping he was from Wing to Thigh ;

His

His Swopping Tool of Generation
Out-ſwopped all the wing'd Creation:
Oh! by the Blood, &c.

Therefore let us ſing and dance a Galliard,
To the Remembrance of the MALLARD:
And as the Mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in Bowl.
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
It was a ſwopping ſwopping Mallard.

# SONG,

In Honour of the celebration of the BOAR'S HEAD,
At QUEEN'S COLLEGE OXFORD,
*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

I Sing not of Roman or Grecian mad Games,
The Pythian, Olympic, and ſuch like hard Names
Your Patience awhile with Submiſſion I beg,
I ſtrive but to honour the Feaſt of Coll. Reg.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian Brawls at our Rites ere prevail,
We temper our Mirth with plain ſober mild Ale;
The tricks of old Circe deter us from Wine,
Though we honour a Boar, we wont make ourſelves Swine
Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for ſlaying his Ox,
Yet he prov'd but an Aſs in cleaving of Blocks:
But we had a Hero for all things was fit,
Our Motto diſplays both his Valour and wit.
Derry down &c.

Stout Hercules labour'd, and look'd mighty big,
When he ſlew the half-ſtarv'd Erymanthian Pig,
But we can relate ſuch a ſtratagem taken,
That the ſtouteſt of Boars, could not *ſave his own Bacon.*
Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this briſtle-back'd Foe did appear,
You'd have ſworn he had got the wrong *Pig by the Ear*;
But inſtead of avoiding the mouth of the Beaſt,
He ramm'd in a Volume, and cry'd——*Græcum eſt.*
Derry down, &c.

In this gallant action ſuch fortitude ſhewn is,
As proves him no Coward, nor tender Adonis;
No armour but Logic; by which we may find
That Logic's the Bulwark of body and Mind.
Derry down, &c.

Ye Squires that fear neither Hills nor rough Rocks,
And think you're full wiſe when you outwit a fox;
Enrich your poor brains and expoſe them no more,
Learn Greek, and ſeek Glory from hunting the Boar.
Derry down, &c

EPI-

# EPIGRAM *on an* EPIGRAM

I.

ONE Day in *Chriſt-church* Meadows walking,
Of Poetry, and ſuch things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
An EPIGRAM, if right and good,
In all it's circumſtances ſhou'd
Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.
Your Simile, I own, is new,
But how do'ſt make it out quoth *Hugh*?
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee Friend;
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget-full of wit,
And point it at the End *.

* *N. B.* This *Epigram* is printed from the original *Manuſcript*, preſerved in the ARCHIVES of the JELLY-BAG SOCIETY.

E·OL

# AN

## EPISTLE *to Mr.* ROBERT LOWTH

### In Imitation of HORACE, Book ii. Epiſt. 1st

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

'TIS ſaid, dear Sir, no Poets pleaſe the town,
Who drink mere Water, though from *Helicon*
For in cold blood they ſeldom boldly think;
Their Rhymes are more inſipid than their drink.
Not great *Apollo* could the train inſpire,
Till generous *Bacchus* help'd to fan the Fire.
Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the Day, and fuddle all the night.
*Homer*, ſays *Horace*, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the Glaſs.
Inſpir'd with Wine old *Ennius* ſung and thought,
With the ſame ſpirit, that his heroes fought.
And *me* from Jonſon's Tavern-laws divine,
That Bard was no great enemy to Wine.
Twas from the bottle *King* deriv'd his Wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd Serjeant touch the ſacred Juice,
But leave it to the Pards for better Uſe:
Let the grave Judges too the glaſs forbear,
Who never ſing and dance but once a year.

This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
To raiſe their Flames indulge the mellow fit,
And loſe their ſenſes in the ſearch of wit.
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear they can write, becauſe they drink, like *Ben.*
Such mimick *Swift* or *Prior* to their coſt,
For in the raſh attempt the fools are loſt.
When once a genius breaks through common rules,
He leads an herd of imitating fools.
If *Pope*, the prince of poets, ſick a-bed,
O'er ſteaming coffee bends his aching head,
The fools in publick o'er the fragrant Draught
Incline thoſe heads that never ach'd or thought.
This muſt provoke his mirth, or his Diſdain,
Cure his complaint,——or make him ſick again.
I too, like them, the Poet's path purſue,
And keep great *Flaccus* ever in my View;
But in a diſtant View——yet what I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, Odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
What, you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering *Spence*,
This year ſome new Performance to the prince:
Though money is your ſcorn, no doubt in time,
You hope to gain ſome vacant Stall by Rhime:

Like other Poet's, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.
Theſe wiſe remarks my modeſty confound.
While the Laugh riſes, and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the Jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a fray,
I whiſk into my coach, and drive away.

---

## THE
# LOWNGER.

I Riſe about nine, get to breakfaſt by ten,
Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen;
Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd hat;
Then ſtep to my neighbours till dinner to chat.
Dinner over, to *Tom's*, or to *James's* I go,
The news of the town ſo impatient to know;
While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum Race
That talk of their modes, their Ellipſes, and ſpace,
The ſeat of the ſoul, and new Syſtems on high,
In holes, as abſtruſe as their myſteries, lye.
From the Coffee-houſe then I to Tennis away,
And at five I poſt back to my College to pray.
I ſup before eight, and ſecure from all Duns,

Undauntedly

Undauntedly march to the *Mitre*, or *Tuns*;
Where in punch or good claret my ſorrows I drown,
And toſs off a Bowl, to the beſt in the town:
At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
Then home to my College I ſtagger away,
Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

---

EPIGRAM, *written by an* EXCISEMAN.

And addreſſed to a Young Lady, who was courted at the ſame Time by an APOTHECARY.

WHAT though the Doctor boaſts to fit
Your *Mortar* to his *Peſtle*;
Are not my *Inches* every whit
As good to *gauge* your *Veſſel*?

AN

# AN EPISTLE *to Mr.* SPENCE,

## When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.

### In Imitation of HORACE, Book i. Epiſt. 18

### By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SPENCE, with a friend you paſs the hours away
In pointed Jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaſte Lady from a flaunting Whore.
'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound:
Unlike the paultry Poet's of the town,
Rogues who expoſe themſelves for half a crown;
And ſtill impoſe on ev'ry ſoul they meet
Rudeneſs for ſenſe, and ribaldry for wit:
Who, tho' half-ſtarv'd, in ſpite of time and Place,
Repeat their Rhymes' tho' dinner ſtays for Grace;
And as their poverty their dreſſes fit,
They think of courſe a Sloven is a wit:
But ſenſe (a truth theſe coxcombs ne'er ſuſpect,)
Lies juſt 'twixt affectation and Neglect,

One

One ſtep, ſtill lower, if you condeſcend,
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend;
That moving ſhade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, ſtill pawing on the peer.
Studying his Looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the Droppings of my Lord;
And tickled to the ſoul at ev'ry Joke,
Like a preſs'd Watch, repeats what t'other ſpoke;
Echo to Nonſenſe! ſuch a ſcene to hear!
'Tis juſt like *Punch* and his Interpreter.

On Trifles ſome are earneſtly abſurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry Word.——
What, is not ev'ry mortal free to ſpeak?
I'll give my reaſons, tho' I break my neck——
And what's the queſtion?——if it ſhines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to *Staines*.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by ev'ry Vice,
Pride, Projects, Races, Miſtreſſes and Dice,
The rich rogue ſhuns, tho' full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good huſbandry.

'Tis ſtrange, cries Peter, you are out of Pelf,
I'm ſure I thought you wiſer than myſelf;
Yet gives him nothing——but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your Eſtate,

I can

I can advance the Sum, - - -'tis beſt for both, - - -
But henceforth cut your Coat to match your Cloth.

A Miniſter, in mere Revenge and Sport,
Shall give his Foe a paultry Place at Court.
The Dupe for ev'ry royal Birth-day buys
New Horſes, Coaches, Cloaths, and Liveries;
Plies at the Levee, and diſtinguiſh'd there
Lives on the Royal Whiſper for a Year;
His Wenches ſhine in Bruſſels and Brocade;
And now the Wretch, ridiculouſly mad,
Draws on his Banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the Country runs away, from Jails:
There ruin'd by the Court he ſells a Vote
To the next Burgeſs, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the Steeds which once his Chariot bore,
Or ſweeps the Town, which once he *ſerv'd* before.

But, by this roving Meteor led, I tend
Beyond my Theme, forgetful of my Friend.
Then take Advice; I preach not out of Time,
When good Lord Middleſex is bent on Rhyme.

Their Humour check'd, or Inclination croſt,
Sometimes the Friendſhip of the Great is loſt.
Unleſs call'd out to wench, be ſure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:

For

For your Reward you gain his Love, and dine
On the beſt Ven'ſon and the beſt French Wine:
Nor to Lord * * * * * * make the Obſervation,
How the twelve Peers have anſwer'd their Creation,
Nor in your Wine or Wrath betray your Truſt,
Be ſilent ſtill, and obſtinately juſt:
Explore no Secrets, draw no Characters,
For Echo will repeat, and Walls have Ears:
Nor let a buſy Fool a Secret know,
A Secret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like Bullets, and we wiſh in vain,
When once diſcharg'd to call them back again.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Defend, dear *Spence*, the honeſt and the civil,
But to cry up a Raſcal——that's the Devil.
Who guards a good Man's Character, 'tis known,
At the ſame Time protects and guards his own.
For as with Houſes, 'tis with Peoples Names,
A Shed may ſet a Palace all on Flames;
The Fire neglected on the Cottage preys,
But mounts at laſt into a general Blaze.

'Tis a fine Thing, ſome think, a Lord to know;
I wiſh his Tradeſmen could but think ſo too.

He gives his Word——then all your Hopes are gone;
He gives his Honour——then you're quite undone.
His and ſome Women's Love the ſame are found,
You raſhly board a Fireſhip and are drown'd.

Moſt Folks ſo partial to themſelves are grown,
They hate a Temper diff'ring from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the ſad,
And Formaliſts pronounce the witty mad:
The Sot, who drinks ſix Bottles in a Place,
Swears at the Flinchers who refuſe their Glaſs.
Would you not paſs for an ill-natur'd Man,
Comply with ev'ry Humour that you can.

*Pope* will inſtruct you how to paſs away
Your Time like him, and never loſe a Day;
From Hopes or Fears your Quiet to defend,
To all Mankind as to yourſelf a Friend,
And ſacred from the World, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a Life with Morals like his own.

When to delicious *Pimperne* I retire,
What greater Bliſs, my *Spence*, can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy Hours I ſpend
With Maps, Globes, Books, my Bottle and a Friend.
There can I live upon my Income ſtill,
E'en though the Houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers Bill:

Yet

Yet to my Share ſhould ſome good Prebend fall,
I think myſelf of Size to fill a Stall.
For Life or Wealth let Heav'n my Lot aſſign,
A firm and even Soul ſhall ſtill be mine.

---

## MORNING. *An* ODE.

The Author confined to College.

*Scribimus* incluſi. ----- PERS. Sat. 1. V. 13.

ONCE more the vernal Sun's ambroſial Beams
The Fields, as with a purple Robe, adorn:
*Charwell*, thy ſedgy Banks, and gliſt'ring Streams
All laugh and ſing at mild Approach of Morn;
Thro' the deep Groves I hear the chaunting Birds,
And thro' the clover'd Vale the various-lowing Herds.

Up mounts the Mower from his lowly Thatch,
Well pleas'd the Progreſs of the Spring to mark,
The fragrant Breath of Breezes pure to catch,
And ſtartle from her Couch the early Lark;
More genuine Pleaſure ſooths his tranquil Breaſt,
Than high-thron'd Kings can boaſt, in eaſtern Glory dreſt.

The

The penſive Poet through the Green-wood ſteals,
Or treads the willow'd Marge of murm'ring Brook;
Or climbs the ſteep Aſcent of airy Hills;
There ſits him down beneath a branching Oak.
Whence various Scenes, and Proſpects wide below,
Still teach his muſing Mind with Fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the Day awake to Bliſs,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's Face,
A Blank the Beauty of the Morning is,
And Grief and Darkneſs all for Light and Grace;)
Nor bright the Sun, nor green the Meads appear,
Nor Colour charms mine Eye, nor Melody mine Ear.

Me, void of Elegance and Manners mild,
With leaden Rod, ſtern Diſcipline reſtrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,
My roving Genius binds in Gothic Chains;
Nor can the cloyſter'd Muſe expand her Wing,
Nor bid theſe twilight Roofs with her gay carols ring.

# *On Miſs* POLLY FOOTE's

## *Unexpected Arrival at* OXFORD,

## *And ſpeedy Flight from thence,* 1758.

LONG had fair *Venus* and her Son
Diſtreſs'd *Minerva*'s darling Town
With Perſecution jealous;
Of Belles ſo ſcanty was her Choice,
She ſcarce could furniſh Toaſts for Boys,
Or Wives for humbler *Fellows.*

Yet *Pallas* all their Spleen defy'd
And prudently the Loſs ſupplied
Of ſuch precarious Bliſſes:
Hence were her Sons more ſtudious grown:
Her Diſcipline went ſmoother on,
'Mid Troops of homely Miſſes.

*Cupid,* who late had ſeen the Place,
Found they had quite miſtook the Caſe,
That Books would grow in Faſhion,
That dazzling Eyes and blooming Cheeks,

Could

Could only tame thoſe hardy *Greeks*,
And bring them to Submiſſion.

Then ſwift as Thought he flew to Town,
And *Polly* ſtraight is order'd down;
The Champion of Beauty;
For well his Godſhip did deviſe,
That *Polly's* Charms and *Polly's* Eyes
Would be alert on Duty.

She came, and with each Grace complete,
From a *Venetian* Window's Height
Her Battery ſhe play'd;
The fatal Slaughter who can tell,
What Troops of gazing Students fell,
Stretch'd o'er the ſmooth *Parade*?

Sage Folios, now a muſty Heap,
In Chains and learned Darkneſs ſleep,
All Logick's turn'd to Folly;
Each Student takes his Cap and Gown,
And runs through ev'ry Street in Town,
To catch a Look at *Polly*.

Who now can pedant Rules endure? —
" Go Boy, and bid the beſt Friſeur,

" At

" At Six preciſe be wi'me ;"
My Hair in Wires exact and nice,
I'll trim my Cap to ſmalleſt Size,
That *Polly* ſure may ſee me.

Nay e'en the Don his Pipe foregoes,
That Friend to Wiſdom and Repoſe,
Leſt *Polly* be offended ;
And *Galen*'s ſageſt Sons will leave,
To dangle Hours at *Polly*'s Sleeve,
Their Patients unattended.

See Churches are forſaken too,
If *Polly* does not grace a Pew,
To keep grave Heads from ſleeping:
Mad *H-tch-nſ-n--ns* rave in vain,
The ſad deſerted Seats remain
For 'Prentice Boys to weep in,

*Cupid*, who ſtood at *Polly*'s Side
*Incog*, and ev'ry Shaft ſupplied,
Laugh'd with inſulting Malice,
To ſee how ſure each Arrow flew
How at each killing Glance ſhe flew
Some fav'rite Son of *Pallas*.

Then to *Jove*'s Court he wing'd his way,
To tell the Triumphs of the Day,
And publiſh *Polly*'s Glory;
But P*allas* had that Morn been there;
And humbly ſought of *Jove* to hear
The Hardſhips of her Story.

" That all her Sons were Rebels grown,
" No Books were read, no Rules were known;
" Her fav'rite Seat was undone:"
Her Plea was heard, 'twas *Jove*'s Decree
That *Iris* ſhould next Week convey
Fair P*olly* back to *London*.

# *The* CUSHION PLOT

*Diſcovered by Dr.* SHAW.

By H. B. Eſq;

WHEN *Gaby* Poſſeſſion had got of the HALL,
He took a Survey of the Chapel and All,
Since that, like the reſt, was juſt ready to fall.
*Which nobody can deny.*

And firſt he began to examine the Cheſt,
Where he found an old *Cuſhion* which gave him Diſtaſte;
The firſt of the Kind that e'er *troubled his Reſt.*
*Which nobody, &c.*

Two Letters of Gold on this Cuſhion were rear'd;
Two Letters of Gold once by *Gaby* rever'd,
But now, what was Loyalty, Treaſon appear'd
*Which nobody, &c.*

" *J. R.* (quoth the Don, in Soliloquy baſs)
" See the works of this damnable Jacobite Race!
" We'll out with the *J.* and put *G* in it's place:"
*Which nobody, &c.*

And now to eraſe theſe Letters ſo rich,
For Sciſſars and Bodkin his Fingers did itch,
For Converts in Politicks go *thorough-ſtitch.*
*Which nobody, &c.*

The Thing was almoſt as ſoon done as ſaid,
Poor *J* was depos'd, and *G* reign'd in his Stead;
Such a quick Revolution ſure never was read!
*Which nobody, &c.*

Then hey for Preferment—But how did he ſtare,
When convinc'd and aſham'd of not being aware,
That *J* ſtood for * JEMMET, for RAYMOND the *R.*
*Which nobody, &c.*

Then beware all ye Parents, from hence I adviſe,
How ye chuſe Chriſtian names for the Babes ye baptize,
For if *Gaby* dont like 'em he'll pick out their *J*'s.
*Which nobody, &c.*

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## *On* LOPPING New-College LIME TREES

WHILOM a Row of ſaucy Limes,
Planted, I ween, in luckleſs Times,
By ſome ill-favour'd Burſar;
Like Upſtarts vain, grew proud and tall,
And boldly perk'd it o'er the Wall,
No Trees look'd ever fiercer.

But

* The Benefactor who gave the Cuſhion.

But late for ſundry Crimes arraign'd,
[Whether ſome ſtripling Shrubs complain'd
These Rogues preſum'd to ſlight 'em,
Or whether they were heard to prate
Of ſome ſad Yews untimely fate,
That once grew over-right 'em:
Or if by Chance their Heads they ſhook,
When tow'rds the Church they turn'd a Look,
And mourn'd the ſad Conditions,
Of poor St. *Peter*'s * num'rous Dead,
That to their Graves were daily led,
Since ſome Folks turn'd Phyſicians)

Whate'er the Cauſe, ſome angry Pow'r
Reſolv'd their daring Tops to low'r;
His murd'rous Mates aſſembled:
Oh! as the mangling Crew appears,
Arm'd with Ax, Hatchet, Saw, and Shears,
How ev'ry *Dryad* trembled.

Sore Cauſe, for ne'er in Grove of Oak
Did ſpendthrift Heir's unpity'd Stroke,
Such Butchery exhibit;
Each arm they maim'd, each Head they topt,
Nor ever left a Limb unlopt,
To make the Dogs a Gibbet.



* St. *Peter*'s Church, in the Eaſt, at *Oxford*.

So looks the poor diſmember'd Tar,
Who late was Thunderbolt of War,
But fall'n in barb'rous Clutches;
From mangling Hoſpital turn'd out,
Maim'd, halt, and naked, limps about,
To beg with Stumps and Crutches.

Oh! how the ſad ſucceeding Year,
Will each kind Stranger's pitying Tear,
Our wond'rous Change bemoan;
To ſee each Tree once green and tall
A ſhapeleſs Block become; and all
Our Hedge-rows turn'd to Stone.

But we, bleſt Minions, all our days
Shall baſk in *Phœbus'* warmeſt Rays,
No Shade can now controul us:
And ſhould he chance to overheat us:
He by the ſame good hand can treat us,
With gentle Purge to cool us.

EPIGRAM.

# EPIGRAM,

## ON AN

# OXFORD TOAST,

*With fine* Eyes, *and a bad* Voice.

LUCETTA's Charms our Hearts ſurpriſe
At once with Love and Wonder;
She bears Jove's *Lightning* in her *Eyes*,
But in her *Voice* his *Thunder*.

---

# *A* BALLAD,

*To the Tune of* To you fair Ladies now at Land.

*Occaſioned by a late Copy of Verſes on Miſs* BRICKENDEN's *going to* Newnham *by Water; in which were the following Lines:*

"The lofty Trees of Newnham's pendent Wood,
"To meet her ſeem to ruſh into the Flood;
"Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to view the Fair
"Whoſe Name upon their wounded Barks they bear.
"Repreſs your amorous Haſte; the lovely Maid
"In *Perſon* deigns to cheer the gloomy Shade."

WHILST you my charming Anna reign,
Of ev'ry Muſe the Theme;

Whoſe

Whoſe Preſence decks with Flowers the Plain,
With pride ſwells Iſis' Stream;
May I preſume you'll lend an Ear,
To me, your humble Sonneteer?——*Fa, la.*

But leſt, my Fair, you think me cold,
Cry piſh, and call me rude;
Or think that I dare be ſo bold,
My Paſſion to intrude;
It is not for myſelf I ſue,
'Tis for *ſome Trees that die for you.*——*Fa, la.*
Since late on Iſis' ſilver Flood
Your fatal Form was ſeen,
Some luckleſs *Oaks* of *Newnham Wood*,
Till then full freſh and green,
No more their verdant Honours ſpread,
But ſigh for you, and hang their Head.——*Fa, la.*

'Tis ſaid, that with a Look moſt queer,
The Dotards peeping ſtood;
No Prieſt with more laſcivious Leer,
Confeſſing Nun e'er view'd;
Nay that they *ruſh'd into the Flood.*——
Were e'er ſuch am'rous *Sticks of Wood*;——*Fa, la.*
How then can all your num'rous Band
Of Lovers not deſpair;
When *Hearts of Oak* could not withſtand
A Face ſo wond'rous fair?

Since

Since in your Breaſt no Pity's found,
Tho' Lovers hang, and *Trees are drown'd.*—*Fa, la.*

In Pity to your Wit, reſtrain
The Lightning of your eyes;
Since at each Glance upon the Plain,
Some bleeding *Foreſt* dies:
If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
You'll ruin our *poetic Shade.*——*Fa, la.*
Well might the Poet's am'rous Song
Stile you the publick Care;
For all our Country 'Squires e'er long,
Will dread the paſſing Fair.
Think what will good Lord *Harcourt* do,
Now *Newnham Woods* are fir'd by you!——*Fa, la*

---

## *On a* BEAUTY *with* ILL QUALITIES.

MIſtaken Nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly Mind;
In vain the faultleſs Features ſtrike,
When Soul and Body are unlike;
Pity thoſe ſnowy breaſts ſhould hide
Deceit, and avarice, and Pride!

So

So in rich Jars from *China* brought,
With glowing Colours gayly wrought,
Oftimes the ſubtle Spider dwells,
With ſecret Venom bloated ſwells,
Weaves all his fatal Nets within,
As unſuſpected, as unſeen.

---

## *A* SONG *of* SIMILIES.

By the Reverend Dr. BACON

I'VE THOUGHT; the fair *Clariſſa* cries:
What is it like, Sir?—Like your Eyes.
'Tis like a Chair—'Tis like a Key—
'Tis like a Purge—'Tis like a Flea—
'Tis like a Beggar—like the Sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'Tis like the Moon—
'Tis like a Kilderkin of Ale—
Tis like a Doctor—like a Whale.

Why are my Eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought upon my Word.
Ah! Witneſs ev'ry Pang I feel;
The Deaths they give their Likeneſs tell.

A Sword

A Sword is like a chair, you'll find,
Becauſe 'tis *moſt an end behind.*
'Tis like a Key, for 'twill undo one;
'Tis like a Purge, for 'twill run through one.
'Tis like a Flea, and Reaſon good,
'Tis often drawing human Blood.
Why like a Beggar you ſhall hear,
'Tis often borne before the Mayor.
'Tis like the Sun becauſe 'tis gilt,
Beſides it travels in a *Belt.*
'Tis like the Dutch we plainly ſee,
Becauſe that ſtate, whenever we
A Puſh for our own Int'reſt make,
Does inſtantly our Sides forſake.
The moon—Why when all's ſaid and done,
A Sword is very like the Moon:
For if his Majeſty, (God bleſs him)
When County Sheriff comes t' addreſs him,
Is pleas'd his Favours to beſtow
On him before him kneeling low,
This o'er his Shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the Glory to the Knight [*Night*]
'Tis like a Kilderkin, no Doubt,
For 'tis not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Diſpute a Doctor's Pow'r to kill?

But why a Sword is like a Whale,
Is no ſuch eaſy thing to tell.
But ſince all Swords are Swords, d'ye ſee,
Why let it then a Backſword be:
Which, if well us'd, will ſeldom fail
To raiſe up ſomewhat like a *Whale*.

# *The* SNIPE.

## An HUMOROUS BALLAD.

By the Same.

Tune,——*Abbot of Canterbury.*

I'LL tell you a ſtory, a ſtory that's true,
A ſtory that's diſmal, and comical too;
It is of a Friar, who ſome people think,
Tho' as ſweet as a nut, might have dy'd of a ſtink.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

This Friar would often go out with his gun,
And tho' no great markſman, he thought himſelf one;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miſs aim,
Still ſomething but never himſelf was to blame.
Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a Friend of the Fryar's,
With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briars,
Went out with him once,, tho' it ſignifies not
Where he hired his gun, or who tick'd for the ſhot.
Derry down, &c.

Away theſe two trudg'd it, o'er hills and o'er dales,
They popt at the partridges, frighten'd the quails;
But, to tell you the truth, no great miſchief was done,
Save ſpoiling the proverb, *as ſure as a gun.*
Derry down, &c.

But

His body long while like a pendulum went;
But all he could do did not alter the ſcent.
Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd he got up and pull'd off his cloaths,
He peep'd in his breeches and ſmelt to his hoſe,
And the very next morning freſh cloaths he put on,
All, all but a waiſtcoat, for he had but one.
Derry, down, &c.

But changing his cloaths did not alter the caſe,
And ſo he ſtunk on for three weeks and three days;
Till to ſend for a doctor he thought it moſt meet;
For tho' he was not, yet his life it was ſweet.
Derry down, &c.

The doctor he came, felt his pulſe in a trice;
Then crept at a diſtance to give his advice:
But ſweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do,
For inſtead of one ſtink this only made two.
Derry down, &c.

The friar oft-times to his glaſs would repair,
But to death he was frighten'd when e'er he came there;
His eyes were ſo ſunk, and he look'd ſo aghaſt,
He verily thought he was ſtinking his laſt.
Derry down, &c.

So for credit he haſtens to burn all his proſe,
And into the fire his verſes he throws;
When ſearching his pockets to make up the pile,
He found out the Snipe, that had ſtunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So

So he hopes you will not think him wholſome again,
Since his waiſtcoat, diſcovers the cauſe of his pain:
To conclude, the poor Friar intreats you to note,
That you might have beeen ſweet had you been in his coat.

Dery down, &c.

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# EPIGRAM in MARTIAL,

Literally *Tranſlated.*

CAllidus impoſuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem *mixtum*, vendidit ille *merum*.

## TRANSLATION.

A Landlord at *Bath* put upon me a queer Hum;
I aſk'd him for *Punch*——and the Dog gave me *mere Rum*.

# TABLE TALK.

Written in the Year 1745.

By Mr. KIDGELL of HERTFORD COLLEGE.

*---- Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,*
*Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri, Farrago Libelli.*

JUVENAL.

WHEN lovely *Cælia* had reſign'd
The dear Delights of Womankind,
And could, without Reluctance, ſee
The Powers of Talk-inſpiring Tea,
*Imperial* in its laſt Decay
Glad Mrs. *Betty*'s harmleſs Prey;
When all the Fountains that ſupply
The Pools of rich *Quadrille* were dry,
And each promiſcuous Fiſh was ſeen
Stretch'd on the Pearl-beſpangled *Green*;
When *Phœbus* had conſign'd his Pow'r
To a mild *Evening*'s cooler Hour,
And lent the Jewels of his Light
T' adorn the *Empreſs of the Night*,
'Twas ſolemnly agreed upon
By *Mary* Cook, and Butler *John*,

That

That Supper in the Parlour ſhou'd be
With Expedition vaſt as cou'd be ;
For Maſter with Delay was hungry,
And Miſtreſs with Impatience angry.
Swift as the Word the Cloth was laid,
And all was huſh'd while Grace was ſaid,
When ſilence once again gave Way
To bring *Diſcourſe* again in Play.
" But, Sir, if theſe Accounts are true,
The *Dutch* have mighty Things in View ;
The *Auſtrians*——I admire *French-Beans*,
Dear Maem, above all Sorts of Greens,——
They ſay the *Pruſſian* Schemes are quaſh'd——
Oh Maem, 'tis admirably haſh'd——
Some Pepper—and I hear *Argyle*——
A little Vinegar and Oil——
But that, perhaps, is all a Jeſt, Sir——
Maem, which you pleaſe—which you like beſt, Sir——
I think green Peas——if underſtood
The *Grand Duke*'s Schemes——are lovely good
Mix'd, Mr. *John*——will humble *France*——
Sir, your good Health——but that's a Chance——
Miſs *Hariot*'s vaſtly grown, Maem——why,
So her Papa thinks——Mrs. *Fry*
Is out of Patience——Maem a Piece
Of Sturgeon——with her *little* Niece,
They're both Year's Children—*John*, ſome Bread—
But *Harriot's taller* by the Head.

She came from School, ſtay let me ſee,
I think 'twas——Almond Flummery,
Venture to taſte it, Mr. *Sear*————
The night that *Garrick* play'd King *Lear*.
Oh, I remember! Deareſt Maem, let
Me help you——when he acted *Hamlet*
My ſiſter *Aſhburnham* had on
Her Pink and Silver——Hark'ee, *John*——
And ſome rude Rabble from the Gallery——
The Soup taſtes delicate of Celery.——
Threw God knows what upon her Sleeve——
She's got it out, Maem, I perceive.——
Oh, no, Maem, ſhe was forc'd to buy
(Your humble Servant Dr. *Dry*)
A whole new Breadth——we had ſuch Sport——
Of Mrs. *Vokes* in *Old Round Court*.
Dear Mrs. *Chatwell*, have you heard————
To me a Teal's a better Bird——
How Mrs. *Branche*'s Cauſe goes on?
A little Water, Mr. *John*————
O! Mrs. *Branche!* I can't abide her——
Pray, Mr. *James*, a Glaſs of Cyder.
Some ſay——a little Butter mix'd
With Capers——ſhe is ſo unfix'd,
She can't——eats moſt delightful in it——
Continue in a Mind one Minute.————
No! Carp, Maem, is——and ſo we ſee————

Above

Above all Sorts of Fiſh to me———
A Triflingneſs——You knew *Tom*'s Wife——
In every Action of her Life———
*Tom Branche*'s Wife I knew ——another
Potatoe if you pleaſe——and Mother.
His Mother——Mr. *Oldham* ſpeaks,
*John*, don't you hear?——within three Weeks
After ——Theſe Eggs I always poach———
Was overturn'd in *York* Stage-Coach———
And Mrs. *Mixon*, as for her———
Miſs, your good Health, Maem, your's, good Sir,—
She went to *Perth*——poor Soul, it cry'd,
And ran to me——and there ſhe dy'd,———
Poor little Soul! Maem, ſome of thoſe———
And did it hurt its little Noſe!———
Yes, Maem, it bled———I chuſe a Wing,
Sir, you are quite———like any Thing.
But Doctor, if the noble Duke———
Take out that Skew'r there to the Cook———
Shou'd trounce Monſieur, I'm bold to ſay———
A little Sweet-Bread, Mrs. *Day*———
That 'tis impoſſible the *Dutch*———
Maem, if you pleaſe, not quite ſo much———
Refuſe t' aſſiſt——Yes, Maem, but Spices
Improve it vaſtly——at this Criſis.
Good gracious! He's a dreadful Jobſter———
Maem, I prefer one Inch of Lobſter———

He piec'd my Habit all in Dabs———
At any Time to twenty Crabs———
Oh! I'd forgot——they're lovely Rabbits,
Dear Maem! — but now you mention Habits,
Miſs. *Drawbridge*—Your good Health, Miſs *Perkin*—
Has got the fearful'ſt, frightful'ſt Jerkin,
It looks ſo tarniſh'd and ſo old———
Miſs *Jewkes*, I hope you've caught no Cold———
No, not at all, Maem—Fetch the Cheeſe in———
Snuff always did ſet me a ſneezing———
The Aſſociation's form'd we hear———
*John*, mix a little Ale and Beer———
Why, really, Maem—your, Health, Miſs *Bayes*——
Folks talk on't many different Ways———
Tho' 'tis a Caſe that I'm no Judge in———
Maem, I'm prodigious fond of Gudgeon———
But apt to prate——they're fine ſtew'd Pears———
At ſuch a Juncture of Affairs.
Dear Maem, you've heard how 'Squire *Bodling*——
My Daughter *Ford* admires a Codling———
It rain'd ſo dreadful cou'd not go,
He and Miſs *James*, and Mrs. *Sloe*,
So far as *Tewkſbury* laſt Week———
Sure, *John*, you heard Miſs *Idle* ſpeak!
You ſaw Miſs *Drawbridge*, Maem, laſt *Sunday*?
Yes, Maem, I did! and Mrs. *Munday*
Had loſt her Parrot——Pray Maem, how?

I really

I really, Maem, can't tell, I vow———
I pity'd the poor Creature's Fate———
Give Mrs *Dykes* a China Plate———
But poor Miſs *Drawbridge* will run wild———
No, Maem, our Cream is always boil'd———
For our Part, Maem, I can't but ſay
We all——make Haſte and take away———
Are mighty fond of Slip-ſlop—bring
The Wine and Fruits—Maem, *Church* and *King*—
Miſs, ſhall I help you? Sir, I beg——
Sir, there's enough——Maem, Siſter *Peg*
Is well, but *George* has hurt his Leg:
My Aunt was in a vehement Fright———
His left Leg, Maem—No, Maem, his right——
Poor Maſter *Georgy!*——Maem, I hope——
No Maem, he's with my Uncle *Cope*,
And is as lively and as briſk
As——Maem do you chuſe a Game at Whiſk?

# SIMILE,

## From PHÆDRA and HYPPOLITUS.

SO when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her Arms:
His idle Horn on fragrant Myrtles hung,
His Arrows ſcatter'd, and his Bow unſtrung.
Obſcure in Coverts lay his dreaming Hounds,
And bay'd the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds;
For nobler Sports he quits the ſavage Fields,
And all the Heroe to the Lover yields.

### *The Same* PARODIED.

SO when bright Abigail reſign'd her Charms,
The happy Curate languiſh'd in her Arms:
His unbruſh'd Beaver on the Floor was toſs'd;
His Notes were ſcatter'd, and his Bible loſt.
In Alehouſe hid his dreaming Clerk was found,
And rear'd the fancy'd Stave with feeble Sound:
For nobler Sheets his Concordance he leaves,
And all the Parſon to the Lover gives.

VERSES

# VERSES

ON THE

## Expected Arrival of Queen CHARLOTTE,

In an EPISTLE to a FRIEND, 1761.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

Containing the *Sentiments*, *Images*, *Metaphors*, *Machinery*, *Similies*, *Alluſions*, and all other Poetical *Decorations*, of the OXFORD VERSES, which were to appear on that auſpicious Occaſion.

YES—every hopeful Son of Rhyme
Will ſurely ſeize this happy Time,
Vault upon Pegaſus's Back,
Now grown an Academick Hack,
And ſing the Beauties of a Queen,
(Whom, by the by, he has not ſeen;)
Will ſwear her eyes are black as jet,
Her teeth as Pearls in Coral ſet;
Will tell us that the Roſe has lent

Her

Her Cheek its Bloom, her Lips its Scent,
That Philomel breaks off her Song,
And liſtens to her ſweeter Tongue;
That Venus and the Graces join'd
To form this Phœnix of her Kind,
And Pallas undertook to ſtore
Her Mind with Wiſdom's chiefeſt Lore:
Thus form'd, Jove iſſues a Decree
That George's Conſort ſhe ſhall be:
Then Cupid (for what Match is made
By Poets without Cupid's Aid?)
Picks out the ſwifteſt of his Darts,
And pierces inſtant both their Hearts.
Your fearful Proſe-men here might doubt
How beſt to bring this Match about,
For Winds and Waves are ill-bred Things,
And little care for Queens and Kings;
But as the Gods aſſembled ſtand,
And wait each youthful Bard's Command,
All fancy'd Dangers they deride,
Of boiſt'rous Winds, and ſwelling Tide;
Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,
And Sea-Nymphs are her Maids of Honour;
Whilſt we, inſtead of eaſtern Gales,
With Vows and Praiſes fill the Sails,
And when, with due poetick Care

They ſafely land the Royal Fair,
They catch the happy Simile,
Of Venus riſing from the Sea.
Soon as ſhe moves, the Hill and Vale,
Reſponſive tell the joyful Tale;
And Wonder holds th' enraptur'd Throng
To ſee the Goddeſs paſs along;
The bowing Foreſts all adore her,
And Flow'rs ſpontaneous ſpring before her,
Where you and I all Day might travel,
And meet with nought but Sand and Gravel;
But Poets have a piercing Eye,
And many pretty Things can ſpy,
Which neither you nor I can ſee,
But then the Fault's in you and me.
The King aſtoniſh'd muſt appear,
And find that Fame has wrong'd his Dear;
Then Hymen, like a Biſhop, ſtands,
To join the Lovers' plighted Hands;
Apollo and the Muſes wait,
The nuptial Song to celebrate.
But I, who rarely ſpend my Time
In paying Court or ſpinning Rhyme;
Who cannot from the high Abodes,
Call down, at will, a Troop of Gods;
Muſt in the plain proſaick Way,

The Wiſhes of my Soul convey.
May Heaven our Monarch's Choice approve,
May he be bleſt with mutual Love,
And be as happy with his Queen,
As with my Chloe I have been ;
When wand'ring through the Beechen Grove,
She ſweetly ſmil'd and talk'd of Love !
And oh ! that he may live to ſee
A Son as wiſe and good as he ;
And may his Conſort grace the Throne
With Virtues equal to his own !
Our Courtly Bards will needs be telling,
That ſhe's like Venus or like Helen ;
I wiſh that ſhe may prove as fair
As Egremont and Pembroke are ;
For tho' by Sages 'tis confeſt,
That Beauty's but a Toy at beſt ;
Yet, 'tis methinks, in married Life,
A pretty Douceur with a Wife :
And may the Minutes as they fly,
Strengthen ſtill the nuptial Tye
While Hand in Hand thro' Life they go,
'Till Love ſhall into friendſhip grow ;
For tho' theſe Bleſſings rarely wait
On regal Pomp, and tinſel'd State,
Yet Happineſs is Virtue's Lot,
Alike in Palace and in Cot :

'Tis

'Tis true, the grave Affairs of State,
With little Folks have little Weight;
Yet I confeſs my Patriot Heart
In Britain's Welfare bears its Part;
With Tranſport glows at GEORGE's Name,
And triumphs in its Country's Fame:
With hourly Pleaſure I can ſit
And talk of *Granby*, *Hawke*, and *Pitt*;
And whilſt I praiſe the Good and Brave,
Diſdain the Coward and the Knave.
At Growth of Taxes others fret,
And ſhudder at the Nation's Debt;
I ne'er the fancied Ills bemoan,
No Debts diſturb me, but my own.
What! tho' our Coffers ſink, our Trade
Repairs the Breach which War has made;
And if Expences now run high,
Our Minds muſt with our Means comply.
Thus far my Politicks extend,
And here my warmeſt Wiſhes end,
May Merit flouriſh, Faction ceaſe,
And I and Europe live in Peace!

ODE

# ODE to CRITICISM.*

By Mr. WODHULL.

*Mutemus Clypeos,* DANAUMQUE *Insignia* NOBIS
*Aptemus. Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirit?*

VIRGIL.

I.

HAIL, mighty Goddeſs, whom of yore,
Where fam'd Cimmeria boaſts her tenfold Gloom,
In thoſe deep Caverns, from her lab'ring Womb
Imperial Dulneſs bore.
At the Signal of thy Birth,
O'er the Rue-beſprinkled Earth,
*Slowly ſullen Spleen* advances,
Sneering Laughter joins the Dances,
Swift from her Den exulting Envy ſprings,
New trims her faded Torch, and ſharpens all her Stings.

II.

Farewel, ye Viſions light and vain,
The Delian Grove, with its enchanted Rill,

* This Poem appeared ſoon after the Publication of the *Oxford* Verſes on the Death of his late Majeſty.

The

The cloven Summits of Parnaſſus' Hill,
Chimeras of the Brain.
No more ſuch Follies I purſue——
Thee, ſober-veſted Queen, I woo;
Thy propitious Help imploring,
As by Midnight Taper poring,
With ſtudious Care I mark ſome faulty Line,
Then curſe the Theban Harp, or *Homer*'s Work divine.

III.

Here in my hateful, loneſome Cell,
While Darkneſs ſpreads her murky Veil around,
When Pains corode, and ſtormy Paſſions wound,
With thee I wiſh to dwell,
Tho' *Apollo* bids deſpair,
Nor a Muſe regards my Pray'r;
Still with ever conſtant Kindneſs,
Thou wilt ſooth my votive Blindneſs;
I feel, I feel the maddening Influence reigns,
The black Bile ruſhes on, and revels in my Veins.

IV.

Borne on the rapid Wings of Thought,
E'en now I ſeem, in thy extenſive Shade,
Where baleful Yews o'ercome the ſickening Glade,
To quaff the plenteous Draught,
And behold thy Realms compriſe
Learned, Ignorant, and Wiſe,
All alike with hot Devotion,

Swal-

Swallowing thy embitter'd Potion.
Fearleſs I take my ſelf-commiſſion'd Stand,
To wield thy ruthleſs Sword with unrelenting Hand.

V.

Hear then, O hear my fond Requeſt,
Whether in poor *Verona*'s hapleſs State,
Thou mourn'ſt thy *Scaliger*'s neglected Fate,
With Anguiſh-laden Breaſt.
Or with Rapture lov'ſt to view
Sourly ſmiling each *Review*;
Quickly haſte to my Embraces,
Come, O come, in all thy Graces,
Where tuneful *Oxford hails* thy *juſt* Domain,
Where at thy Shrine attend her delegated Train.

VI.

How ſhall I paint thy heavenly Charms!
In what high Praiſe my ardent Suit addreſs!
Or how the glowing Flame ſhall I expreſs
Which now my Boſom warms;
How deſcribe the mazy Road,
Leading to thy bleſt Abode!
Where thou ſit'ſt in ſtate preſiding,
Us ignoble Rhimers guiding
To where the Banks of *Lethe*'s ſilent Wave,
Before our paſſive Steps diſcloſe an early Grave.

Yet

VII.

Yet ſhall my feeble Lays preſume,
Wrapt in ideal Extacies, to trace
The winning Features of thy lovely Face,
And its primeval Bloom.
Thou, a *Silver-ſlipper'd* Nymph,*
Lightly tread'ſt the *dimply* Lymph,
With dank Sedge thy Treſſes wreathing,
Modulated Meaſures breathing;
A *Coral Crown* thy *Bright Brow Binds*, I ween,
And down devolves thy *Sweeping Stole of Gloſſy Green*.

VIII.

Oft, in nocturnal Serenade,
Anxious I wake my Lyre's diſcordant Strings,
Till the reſponſive Echo loudly rings
With thee, immortal Maid!
Ah! perchance my Hopes are vain——
Canſt thou then with harſh Diſdain,

* Alluding to the following Lines in *Warton's* TRIUMPH OF ISIS:

And from the Wave aroſe its guardian Queen,
Known by her ſweeping Stole of gloſſy Green;
While in the Coral Crown that bound her Brow,
Was wove the Delphic Laurel's verdant Bough.
As the ſmooth Surface of the dimply Flood,
The Silver-ſlipper'd ISIS lightly trod,

Spurn my too officious Duty,
Self-enamour'd of thy Beauty;
And close thy stern, inexorable Heart,
Slighting the Vow sincere, which wants the Gloss of Art.

IX.

Hence, idle Fears——thou still art kind;
Low at thy Footstool bends her trembling Knee;
I sue O Goddess, and I sue to thee,
To thy Behests resign'd.
No rejected Votary's moans
Taint the Air with feverish Groans.
Where we rest, thy Charms enjoying,
Ever tasted, never cloying,
Widely thou pour'st thy all-diffusive Rays,
Instant our kindling Souls with Fire congenial blaze,

X.

In *Rhedycina*'s favour'd Seat,
Where richest Verse thy smould'ring Altar feeds,
With him some chosen Sage obedient leads,
To give Thee Homage meet.
False Surmises, hidden Flaws,
Old Grammarians crabbed Laws;
At thy Impulse while elated,
By thy Pleasure he unsated,
With his fell Pen from thy Tribunal bends,
As on the mangled Lines the frequent Blot descends.

When

XI.

When Autumn brought the lowering Year,
Fair *Iſis* mingled with *Britannia*'s Woe;
Meanwhile thou taught'ſt her Claſſic Plains to flow
O'er *George*'s Grief-ſtain'd Bier.
How ſhe mourn'd the Monarch dead,
Father of his Country fled,
Ill befits my trite Narration——
I in leſs exalted Station,
Stupidly nod o'er Poeſy ſo fine,
Stretch'd on the lifeleſs Couch of Indolence ſupine.

XII.

*That* Part to Thee we conſecrate
Of the huge *Wreath* forſooth, *which all the Nine.*
*With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine.**
A Fricaſſee of State!
'Twould make a Breakfaſt for a King;
Or ſhould he feaſt on no ſuch Thing
As See-ſaw Flattery, and his Spirit
Be coolly touch'd with ſo much Merit;
If he endure the Song with Look ſiniſter,
The Plan will ſuit at leaſt a Patriot-Miniſter.

* Alluding to the following Lines in the concluding Copy of the OXFORD VERSES abovementioned, written by the Poetry Profeſſor,

- - - - - - - - - deign to view
This ample Wreath, which all th' aſſembled Nine
With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine.

XIII.

Full many a Youth whoſe opening Shoot
Teem'd with Poetic Foliage, o'er whoſe Head
Caſtalian Dews the gracious Muſe has ſhed,
And promis'd riper Fruit;
Such the firm Decrees of Fate,
Such the Shortneſs of his Date,
With the Troop of Phantoms nameleſs,
In that pious Volume fameleſs,
Where the triumphant Clouds of Smoke aſpire
Sinks in Oblivion's Arms on the funereal Pyre.

XIV.

Far from the Terrors of thy Reign,
Curb'd by thy Frown, audacious Genius flies;
Or, if he impotently dares to riſe,
Is levell'd to the Plain:
Nought avails his magic Art
To avert thy vengeful Dart;
And his inſolent empriſing;
Thou his vaunting Pow'r deſpiſing,
Eager his blaſted Glories to confound,
Strik'ſt him a breathleſs Corſe, unpitying, to the Ground.

XV.

When † *Swinging Slow with Sweepy Sway*,
In one ſame conſtant Tenor run our Rhimes,
Like the ſweet Muſick of unvaried Chimes,
In diſtant due Delay;

† See WARTON's *Pleaſures of Melancholy*, a Poem.

Then

Then our Vows thou deign'ſt to hear,
With a condeſcending Ear,
Aid, O Goddeſs, aid my Numbers,
Let me *Share* thy *Sweeteſt Slumbers*,
While from this Quill, as all along I doze,
In Apathy diſcreet the Stumbling Stanza flows.

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## A Poetical EPISTLE

To ***** *******, *M. A. Student of Chriſt Church*

By the Same.

*Muſe,*
*Un Uſage inconſtant t' entraine,*
*Et la Raiſon toujours certaine*
*Ne t'a point marqué tes Sentiers ?*
*Mais, non, je ne veux point le croire ;*
*Le Reproche offenſe ta Gloire ;*
*Et fletriroit tous nos Lauriers.* LA MOTTE.

ON *Thames*'s Banks, while you with happier Care,
In bolder Notes invite the *Aonian* Fair ;
Or nobly point, to guide the riſing Youth,
The ſteep Aſcent which ſcales the Hill of Truth,
With Learning pure Morality impart,
Strengthen the Head, and humanize the Heart ;

Shall fond Preſumption daringly intrude
To grate your poliſh'd Ear with Accents rude?
Since you, ſome leiſure Moments to beguile,
Regard my Idleneſſes with a Smile;
No ſervile Cuſtom's narrow Laws revere,
Pleas'd with the Language of a Tongue ſincere,
Accept this Preſent like a partial Friend!
Elſe the raſh Trifle juſtly might offend.
If e'er my Boſom caught the ſacred Flame,
Let me remember from what Source it came:
Your Counſel bad me tread this arduous Way,
And deign'd to form the rough miſhapen Lay.
Here will I trace where firſt theſe Strains began
E'er fleeting Childhood ripen'd into Man.
Can I forget, while Memory holds her Reign,
And ſummons forth her bright ideal Train,
Beneath what * Auſpices my earlier Age
Imbib'd the Dictates of the good and Sage?
No, gentle *Ouſe!* for oft I lov'd to ſtray
Where thy ſmooth Current winds its ſedgy Way:
Full to my View beſide thy conſcious Stream
Coy Science thence diſclos'd her kindling Beam;
In wild Career ſpontaneous Numbers flow'd,
As with a Heat, unfelt before, I glow'd.

* At the Reverend Mr. CLEAVER's, Father of the Gentleman to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed.

If,

If, aught of Glory, Verſe like mine can give,
Thy Name recorded by the Muſe ſhall live,
To me far dearer than the boaſted Groves
Of proud *Lyceum* where *Illiſſus* roves:
Though not a Wreath adorn thy modeſt Urn,
In thy neglected Meads no Poet burn,
No Lover carve thy Praiſe on every Tree,
With his *Caliſta* fondly joining thee.
Since Glory prompted, and I turn'd my Eyes
To where the Hills of ſteep *Parnaſſus* riſe;
Since ſketch'd by Hope the flattering Landſcape grew,
Ere Judgment check'd the Strokes which Fancy drew.
Blindly I ventur'd on a feeble Wing,
Struck the harſh Lyre, and tun'd th' unmeaning String
But when faint glimmering o'er the mighty Theme
The Lamp of Genius vaniſh'd like a Dream.
In Wiſdom's loftier Spheres too weak to riſe,
Where wrapt in Clouds abſtruſer Science lies!
Unſkilful in the Jargon of the Schools,
And little vers'd in mathematic Rules,
With ardent Curioſity I ſought
What modern Art, what antient Nature taught;
Saw Poetry expand a leafy Shoot
To hide its ſapleſs Trunk, and waſted Root;
Obſerv'd Caprice exalt her light Abode,
And mark'd the Sallies of the reigning Mode.

Some will object; " ſuch Theme is quite miſplaced;
" Hence Madam! what haſt thou to do with Taſte?
" Shall uncommiſſion'd Impudence decide
" On Airs and Operas with a Scribler's Pride;
" And dare to mix with Coxcombs not a few
" Who talk of Matters which they never knew?
Becauſe forſooth I flaunt not in Brocade
To the Ridotto, Court, or Maſquerade?
But hear unmov'd imperious Faſhion's Call,
And bring no Surfeit from the midnight Ball,
Nor the ſlow, tedious, weighty Hours to kill,
All day read *Hoyle*, all Night attend Quadrille;
They treat my Notions as th' abſurd Pretence
Of one quite loſt to Taſte and common Senſe.
" Avaunt ye Witlings," the grave Pedant cries;
" Or pay juſt Def'rence to the Learn'd and Wiſe.
" Whoe'er would judge aright of Books, of Men,
" And deal Inſtruction with unerring Pen,
" Before he hopes to win the gazing Crowd
" And to the World proclaim his Thoughts aloud:
" Let him in bulky Volumes deeply read
" Drink genuine Knowledge from the Fountain-Head.
As one bewildered in profoundeſt Night,
Who faintly kens ſome Vapor's dancing Light,
At Random led: perplex'd by each Remark,
We're left as much as ever in the Dark:

When

When Commentators ſolve the knotty Point,
And twiſt conteſted Adverbs out of Joint.
Perhaps you'll anſwer, " that to clear the Doubt
" 'Tis beſt to ſearch a ſtated Medium out;
" Nor Fops, nor Book-worms for our Judges call:
" Theſe think too much; they never think at all
Then let us ſee — in Ages ſo polite
Who's qualified to read, and who to write?
Say ſhall we (like the Game Act) fix a Rate
By Privilege annex'd to ſuch Eſtate,
Extol the fine-ſpun Verſe his Lordſhip weaves,
And in Divinity adorn Lawn-Sleeves?
Or ſhall we boldly level ev'ry Mound
Admitting all to tread poetic Ground;
And with a patriot Spirit for our Guide
Extend the Limits of *Parnaſſus* wide,
Allowing thoſe who never yet could ſpell,
To ſpeak, praiſe, cenſure, nay to write as well?
Whether we viſit, dreſs, or entertain,
Cuſtom deſpotic reigns;—and let her reign.
But ſhall the Muſes learn the Gait, the Dance,
With all the tawdry Nothingneſs of *France*;
Muſt they aſſume ſome new fantaſtic Shape,
And change their Habit with each modiſh Ape?
Shall *He* in literary Credit ſhine
Whoſe looſe *Adventures* ſwell the *Novel* Line?

And ſhall the man of Judgment's Tongue be mute,
Unleſs inur'd to quibble, and diſpute?
Whoe'er would boaſt a nice Diſcerner's Art
Should feel with tender ſympathizing Heart;
Not by the Teſt of cold proſaic Laws
Defraud Invention of its juſt Applauſe:
But where bold Nature's mimic Dreſs appears
Tranſported ſhudder at fictitious Fears;
Now pale with Grief, and now with Joy elate,
Bleed with the Vanquiſh'd; triumph with the Great;
By each humane, heroic Paſſion toſt,
And ſink amid the dear Illuſion loſt.
This, this is he, whoſe vig'rous Soul can climb
Up with the Poet to the true Sublime:
Without *Longinus'* Aid his Soul it warms.
He wants no † *Burke* to tell why Beauty charms.
Thus the great *Stagyrite* who taught the Road
Thro' Learning's Paths to Glory's high Abode,
Himſelf before, with animated Skill
Dipp'd in *Caſtalian* Streams his glowing Quill,
Nor by dim cloiſter'd Obſervation ſaw:
But, e'er enacted, he perform'd the Law;
To Virtue's Altar his bold Pæans reach,
And emulate the Art he ſtrove to teach:

† The ingenious Author of *A Philoſophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*

His

His Tribute firſt the ſmiling Muſe approv'd,
Then gave her Sceptre to the Son ſhe lov'd.
*Faſhion*, who Arbiter of earthly Things,
Dignifies Beggars, or depoſes Kings,
At length ordains, (which none muſt diſallow)
That what was Reaſon once, is Folly now.
See Criticiſm advance, inſpiring Awe;
She ſtalks triumphant like ſome grand Baſhaw;
With, or without a Cauſe, from Syſtems free,
Alters, comfirms, reverſes her Decree;
Her thund'ring Faſces brandiſhes anew
Guiding her own dear *Critical Review*.
Faſt by her Car in Iron Shackles bound
Reluctant Genius kneels, and licks the Ground.
Think not I dare in theſe eſtabliſh'd Times
Combat Dominion with preſumptuous Rhimes,
And ſceptically blind diſpute the Chair
With thoſe, who ſit like *Ariſtarchus* there.
Leſs ſanguine Thoughts my ſober Wiſhes bound,
To tread ſecure, nor meet the threaten'd Wound:
For this once more my trembling Pen I draw,
And hail all Critics with reſpectful Awe.
My lifted Mirror haſtens to diſplay
The modern Poet iſſuing to the Day:
I aſk not whom; what Theme his Genius fires;
How ſweet the Strains his fav'rite Muſe inſpires;

Whether

Whether he pace on ſtrait-curb'd claſſic Steed,
Or mount the winged Pegaſean Breed:
I would not tear him with a *Vandal's* Hate;
Nor yet, regarding his prepoſt'rous Fate,
Pity his Woes, and curſe his ruling Star;
But coolly mention Matters as they are.
Privately cramm'd with more than friendly Praiſe,
Shower'd to feed his ever-thirſting Lays;
Hot with Impatience, which his Looks confeſs,
The Youth commits his Writings to the Preſs:
On *Dryden*'s ſounding Pinions ſee him riſe,
Or range with *Milton* in ideal Skies;
Eager he pants to reach the laurel Crown,
Anticipating Years of long Renown.
Full ſoon he views the airy Fiction paſt,
For ſuch Deliriums were not made to laſt.
Ere yet too late miſtaken Bard retire,
Ceaſe the vain Dreams, nor fan the hopeleſs Fire.
Or if thy patient Muſe muſt needs Deſign
To heap with Incenſe Glory's crowded Shrine,
An Ordeal more ſevere than that of Old
Expect.—nay ſhrink not;—but approach, behold!
See Apes of Taſte with half-ſpawn'd Wits combine,
Weigh Word by Word, and murder Line by Line;
Here pining Envy frets; there Malice ſtorms,
And Dulneſs riſes in her thouſand Forms.

To ſcape the Tempeſt's Rage we look around,
Rejoic'd if but a Hovel can be found.
A Man no cowardly Poltroon I hold
Who rapt in Flannel ſhuns *Norwegian* Cold.
Then let us, as calm Prudence bids, obey,
And by her Guidance take the ſurer Way:
For ſince nor Heav'n-taught Genius can avail,
Nor Dint of Study turn the loaded Scale;
How ſhall a puny Rhimer dare withſtand
Incens'd Stupidity's united Band?
'Twas thus departing Freedom at the Field
Of loſt *Philippi* ſaw her Squadrons yield,
When civil Enmity her Banners tore,
And *Brutus* ſhed the laſt of *Roman* Gore;
With either Party *Atticus* allied
Bow'd to the Triumphs of *Octavius'* Pride;
Formally wept at Freedom's cloſing Grave,
Then hugg'd his Fetters like an abject Slave.
My Verſe to thee ſubmiſſive I reſign;
Yes, mighty Dulneſs, I am wholly thine;
To teach me how to gain,—not merit Praiſe,
And give, O give thy ſoporific Bays;
Blind me a willing Captive in thy Chains,
And lead me, where Alliteration reigns:
Hard by thy Throne ſhe waves her wond'rous Wand
Wafting her balmy Bleſſings o'er the Land,

Where

Where warbling Winds the pure pellucid Rill,
And ſoothing Sounds excluded Meaning kill,
Sick of his Homage I depart in Haſte,
The labour'd Sameneſs palls my jaded Taſte.
Fretful I mutter " this is far too much—
" I hate e'en Honour, ſhould the Terms be ſuch.
" To me ſome leſs mechanick Taſk aſſign;
" Conſent, O Goddeſs, and the Prize is mine."
Here the proud Queen's ſagacious Train exclaim;
" Inſtantly ſnatch the Palms of proffer'd *Fame*;
" So ſhall thy Judges with Complacent Smile,
" Approve thy neat, thy terſe, thy claſſic Stile.
" As Faſhion dictates, and our laws ordain
" In lulling Accents tune thy honied Strain;
" With fixed Anchor in the Haven keep,
" Nor raſhly venture on the ſtormy Deep.
" The Naiads firſt addreſs, and ſaunt'ring dream
" By the green Margin of ſome chryſtal Stream;
" To ſweet Arcadia's bliſsful Shades aſpire
" In gentle *Sydney's Shepherdiſh* Attire.
" Thy ſecond Theme, ſome *Amaryllis* chuſe
" Whoſe Charms may animate thy ſluggiſh Muſe,
" Let *Hammond's* Number touch the feeling Heart:
" Be thou ſuperior; add the Garb of Art.
" In lofty Diction bid her amply ſhine,
" Beauteous, Angelic,—ſtop not there,—Divine:

" Say

" Say in her Cheeks what ambuſh'd Jav'lins lie ;
" What Radiance beaming from her *ſun-clad* Eye."
This is but trifling.—" Would'ſt thou then ſucceed ;
" Fear not, be bold ; ſelect a Theme indeed.
" Say, can thy ſoft inſinuating Skill
" Deſcribe a Stateſman's Probity at Will,
" With fervent Zeal aſſiduous to commend
" Th' illuſtrious Patron, and the generous Friend,
" To Wealth, to Title duteous Homage pay,
" And make the Great the Subject of thy Lay?
" Applauſe from ecchoing Multitudes to gain,
" Or can'ſt thou——?"
Almoſt burſting with Diſdain
" Indeed I cannot," I enrag'd reply ;
" Let others handle Themes like theſe—not I."
Then what Aſylum yet remains for me,
Where Candor rules, and Poetry is free ?
Say ſhall I ſteer to reach yon fated Land,
Where frequent Wrecks deform the hoſtile Strand,
Where Dunce promiſcuous rival Dunce engages,
And Mud with Mud eternal Battle wages,
Or ſhall I fly, where noiſy Tumults ceaſe,
And ſeek the Dwellings of inglorious Peace,
Lock'd in the Bonds of happy Slumber faſt,
To doze away Remembrance of the paſt ;
Forgetful too that e'er my childiſh Tongue
With raviſh'd Wonder liſp'd th' imperfect Song ;

Content

Content domeſtic Quiet to purſue,
And bid that falſe Coquette, the Muſe, adieu?
Since Caution ſlumber'd when this rhyming Will
Firſt bade me ſtain with Ink my haſty Quill;
Let her depart, and viſit thoſe who fear
The Critic's Laſh, the Wit's contemptuous Sneer,
I cannot now ſuperlatively wiſe
Perform what *Epictetus* would adviſe,
" Letting each dang'rous Enterprize alone
" Call unſubdued Security thy own."
Unfurl'd the Banner, and the Weapon caſt,
All Hopes of Safety in Retreat are paſt.
Should I ſtand forth on Record as a Fool,
My Maxims ſpurn'd, and cancell'd ev'ry Rule,
I will not yet implicitly abide
By what the People happen to decide,
Nor can I for my Life attentive ſit
To praiſe each Species of new fangled Wit;
Or dwell with Tranſport on the hobbling Rhimes,
The claſſick Cant of theſe poetic Times.
Far be the odious Antiquary's Frown
Who aims to pull all living Merit down,
Who churliſhly belies the preſent Days,
When he bewails with an invidious Praiſe,
(To give Detraction's Venom freer Scope)
All Genius buried in the Grave of *Pope*.

But

But ſhall each Muſhroom-Being of a Day
Uſurp an inſolent oppreſſive Sway;
Inhuman Plunderers by Rapine fed,
Rake up the aſhes of the mighty Dead,
And conjure forth ſome vet'ran Poet, dreſt
(Superfluous Toil) in Faſhion's gorgeous Veſt,
Tir'd of the Crowds, and Noiſe of *Lombard-Street*
Thus when the Cit obtains a Country Seat;
Where in uncircumbſcrib'd Extent was drawn
Magnificently large the various Lawn,
He bounds to meaſur'd Space the formal Square,
Or gives Proportion to th' exact Parterre,
Wonderful induſtry! in Pipes convey'd
Here ſputters down the regular Caſcade,
There, draggled on in Beauty's vaunted Line,
Behold the muddy Trench—a Serpentine.
Tell me no more how *Shakeſpear*'s Lines expreſs
Th' inimitable Feelings of Diſtreſs.
When *Romeo* haſtes to ſleeping *Juliet*'s Tomb,
Or injur'd *Lear* bewails his wretched Doom.
Where are thoſe tragic Scenes renown'd of old,
In native Strength irregularly bold;
Thoſe genuine Tints with which that Maſter drew
Expreſſive Nature to our dazzled View?
All, all are vaniſhed. He whoſe ample Mind
No rigid Learning's ſlaviſh Rules confin'd,

O'er trackleſs Regions wont at large to ſoar:
Now cramp'd in Trammels of *Theatric Lore*,
His Seat uſurp'd by more than *Gothic* Luſt,
Shorn of his Plumes lies groveling in the Duſt.
Privy to *Juliet*'s counterfeited Death,
We wait the Hour that ſhall reſtore her Breath;
With Hope, with Fear, with fond Impatience burn,
'Till abſent *Romeo* ſpeed his wiſh'd Return.
Here muſt we ſtop;—and while in due Array
*The ſtale Proceſſion* ſweeps the tedious Way,
Conſpiring Shouts of thronging Galleries join;
"Indeed this *Shakeſpear* is prodigious fine!"
See frantic *Lear* in hopeleſs Grief diſtreſt,
And warm Compaſſion melt each generous Breaſt;
Now haſtes th' unravell'd Drama to its Cloſe,
And Death breaks off the Tenor of his Woes.
Can we behold without indignant Rage
The Monarch re-enthron'd upon the Stage;
And *Shakeſpear*'s Plan revers'd to bid him live;
Such is the Crown our wiſe *Correctors* give.
A juſter Title ſhall the Muſe beſtow
On theſe Deſtroyers of the Tragic Woe:
Who'er the Author of ſo black a Deed,
In her auguſt Tribunal 'tis decreed
To judge his Cruelty more hateful ſtill
Than the barbarian Wiles of *Gonerill*.

While

While many a Wretch who bears the Poet's Name,
Deaf to the Voice of Reaſon, and of Fame,
Meerly to furbiſh out ſome paultry Scene,
New patches *Otway* with deform'd *Racine*,
Beſmears with foreign Sauce coarſe *Engliſh* Ware,
Or like a Ruffian pillages *Voltaire* ;
The heavenly Muſe alone unpinion'd ſings,
Nor ſtoops to theſe imaginary Kings ;
She opens honeſt Truth's obſtructed Source,
Points Satire's Edge, and wings her Javelin's Force.
Some think, " on Inſects cruſh'd without a Foe,
" That Juſtice idly hurls her weighty Blow
" So ſhort, ſo fleeting their al otted Date,
" Why urge a Playwrit's neceſſary Fate,
" O'er *their* high Creſt Oblivion ſpreads her Rod,
" Soon are the Footſteps vaniſh'd where they trod,
" They and their Farces mixing with the Wind,
" All diſappear, nor leave a Wreck behind,
" Where plung'd in Chaos many a Fathom deep
" Myriads of Frenchified Abortions ſleep.
Yet if theſe Plagiaries exalted high
On borrow'd Fame's weak Pedeſtals rely ;
Wherefore on Mortals deſperately brave
Laviſh that Mercy which they never gave ?
When Crops ſo rank, exub'rant Dulneſs yields,
Who weilds the Critic's Falchion nobly Weilds,

Deſigns like theſe my Pencil rudely plan'd,
The Execution aſks an abler Hand.
Enough for me, if in theſe nameleſs Shades,
Far from the Manſions of *Aonia*'s Maids,
Ingenuous Truth her artleſs Charms diſplay,
And ſteady Reaſon guide the temper'd Lay:
Or ſhewn by ſtrong Imagination's Light
Ages far diſtant crowd the mental Sight,
When *Rouſſeau* tells the * happy State of Man
By Prieſtcraft forg'd ere Right Divine began?
Ere Tyrants claim'd the ſovereign Throne of God,
And cruſh'd the Nations with an Iron Rod.
Thus unobſerv'd by mad Ambition's Gaze,
'Tis mine to rove thro' Fortune's humbler Maze,
Aſſert the Freedom of the dauntleſs Muſe,
And read, or write ſuch Whimſies as I chuſe.
******* may you with more ſucceſsful Aim
Approach the Temple of wide-echoing Fame,
And cull the Wreaths, where pleaſing Fiction glows
In fairy Realms, which liberal Genius ſtrews;
Whoſe darted Impulſe ſpringing thro' the Mind,
Leaves ſlowly plodding Induſtry behind.

* Diſcours ſur l' Origine & les Fondemens de l' Inegalite par les Hommes.

A N

# IMITATION of SPENSER.

I.

A Well known Vaſe of ſovraign Uſe I ſing,
Pleaſing to Young and Old, and *Jordan* hight.
The lovely Queen, and eke the haughty King
Snatch up this Veſſel in the murky Night:
Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy Wight,
But uſes it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it ſtands array'd in gloſſy white;
And eſt in mighty Dortours may be ſeen
Of China's fragile earth, with azure Flowrets ſheen.

II.

The Virgin comely as the dewy Roſe,
Here gently ſheds the ſoftly-whiſp'ring Rill;
The Frannion, who ne Shame ne Bluſhing knows,
At once the Potter's gloſſy Vaſe does fill;
It whizzes like the Waters from a Mill.
Here frouzy Houſewives clear their loaded Reins;
The Beef-fed Juſtice, who fat Ale doth ſwill,
Graſps the round-handled Jar, and tries, and ſtrains,
While ſlowly dribbling down the ſcanty Water drains.

III.

The Dame of Fraunce ſhall without Shame convey
This ready Needment to its proper Place ;
Yet ſhall the Daughters of the Land of Fay
Learn better Amenaunce and decent Grace ;
Warm Bluſhes lend a Beauty to their Face,
For Virtue's comely Tints their Cheeks adorn ;
Thus o'er the diſtant Hillocks you may trace
The purple Beamings of the infant Morn :
Sweet are our blooming Maids——the ſweeteſt Creatures born.

IV.

None but their Huſbands or their Lovers true
They truſt with Management of their Affairs ;
Nor even theſe their Privacy may view,
When the ſoft Beavies ſeek the Bow'r by Pairs ;
Then from the Sight accoy'd, like tim'rous Hares,
From Mate or Bellamour alike they fly ;
Think not, good Swain, that theſe are ſcornful Airs,
Think not for Hate they ſhun thine am'rous Eye,
Soon ſhall the Fair Return nor done thee, Youth, to dye.

V.

While Belgic frows acroſs a Charcoal Stove
(Repleniſh'd like the Veſtal's laſting Fire)
Bren for whole Years and Scorch the Parts of Love,
No longer Parts that can delight inſpire,

Eaſt

Eſt Cave of Bliſs, now Monumental Pyre;
O Britiſh Maid, for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will wake my ſimple Lyre,
With double Care preſerve that Dun Retreat,
Fair Venus' myſtic Bow'r Dan Cupid's feather'd Seat.

VI.

So may your Hours ſoft-ſliding ſteal away,
Unknown to gnarring Slander and to Bale,
O'er Seas of bliſs Peace guide her Gondelay,
Ne bitter Dole impeſt the paſſing Gale.
O! ſweeter than the Lillies of the Dale,
In your ſoft Breaſts the Fruits of Joyance grow.
Ne fell Deſpair be here with Viſage pale,
Brave be the Youth for whom your Boſoms glow,
Ne other Joy but you the faithful Striplings know.

# An Excellent BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace.*

WHilome there dwelt near *Buckingham*,
That famous Country Town,
At a known Place, hight *Whaddon Chace*
A Squire of odd Renown.——

A Druid's ſacred Form he bore,
His Robes a Girdle bound:
Deep vers'd he was in antient Lore,
In Cuſtoms old, profound.

A Stick torn from that hallow'd Tree,
Where *Chaucer* us'd to ſit,
And tell his Tales with leering Glee,
Supports his tott'ring Feet.

High on a Hill his Manſion ſtood,
But gloomy dark within,
Here mangled Books, as Bones and Blood
Lie in a Giant's Den.

Crude, undigeſted, half-devour'd,
On groaning Shelves they're thrown;
Such Manuſcripts no Eye could read,
Nor Hand write—but his own.

No Prophet He, like Sydrophel,
Could future Times explore;
But what had happened, he could tell,
Five hundred Years and more.

A walking Alm'nack he appears,
Stept from ſome mouldy Wall,
Worn out of Uſe thro' Duſt and Years,
Like Scutcheons in his Hall.

His Boots were made of that Cow's Hide,
By *Guy of Warwick* ſlain;
Time's choiceſt Gifs, aye to abide
Among the choſen Train.

Who firſt receiv'd the precious Boon,
We 're at a Loſs to learn,
By *Spelman, Cambden, Dugdale,* worn;
And then they came to *Hearne.*

*Hearne,* ſtrutted in them for a while;
And then, as lawful Heir,
*Brown* claim'd and ſeiz'd the precious Spoil,
The Spoil of many a Year.

His Car himſelf he did provide,
To ſtand in double Stead;
That it ſhould carry him alive,
And bury him when dead.

By rusty Coins old Kings he'd trace,
And know their Air and Mien:
King *Alfred* he knew well by Face,
Tho' *George* he ne'er had seen.

This Wight th' outside of Churches lov'd,
Almost unto a Sin;
Spires Gothick of more use he prov'd
Than Pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in Air,
A wand'ring Bird they'll rest,
Or with a Bramin's holy Care,
Make Lodgments for its rest.

Ye Jackdaws, that are us'd to talk,
Like us of human Race,
When nigh you see *Brown Willis* walk,
Loud chatter forth his praise.

Whene'er the fatal Day shall come,
For come, alas! it must,
When this good 'Squire must stay at home,
And turn to antique Dust;

The solemn Dirge, ye Owls, prepare,
Ye Bats, more hoarsly screak;
Croak, all ye Ravens, round the Bier,
And all ye Church-mice, squeak!

A DIA-

# A DIALOGUE BETWEEN The POET and his SERVANT.

In Imitation of HORACE, Sat. ix. Book ii.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

*Serv.* SIR,—I've long waited in my turn, to have
A Word with you—but I'm your humble Slave
*Poet.* What Knave is that? My Raſcal!
*Servant.* Sir, 'tis I,
No Knave, nor Raſcal, but your truſty *Guy*.
*Poet.* Well, as your Wages ſtill are due, I'll bear
Your damn'd Impertinence, this Time of Year.
*Serv.* Some Folks are drunk one Day, and ſome for ever,
And ſome like W****, but twelve Years together.
Old *Evremond* renown'd for Wit and Dirt,
Would change his Living oft'ner than his Shirt;
Roar with the Rakes of State a Month, and come
To ſtarve another in his Hole at Home.
So rov'd wild *Buckingham*, the publick Jeſt,
Now ſome Inn-holder's, now a Monarch's Gueſt;

His

His Life and politicks of ev'ry Shape,
This Hour a *Roman*, and the next an Ape.
The Gout in ev'ry Limb from ev'ry Vice,
Poor *N****** hir'd a Boy to throw the Dice.
Some wench forever;—and their Sins in thoſe
By Cuſtom ſit as eaſy as their Clothes.
Some fly like Pendulums from good to evil:
And in that Point are madder than the Devil:
For they——

*Poet.* To what will theſe wiſe Maxims tend?
And where, ſweet Sir, will your Reflections end?

*Servant.* In you.

*Poet* In me, you Knave? make out your Charge.

*Serv.* You praiſe low living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the Rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practiſe what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle Journey down,
But without Buſineſs you're again in Town.
If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what Pleaſure 'tis to read at home!
And ſip your two Half-pints with great Delight
Of Beer at Noon, and muddled Port at Night.
From *Encombe*, *John* comes thund'ring at the Door,
With—Sir, my Maſter begs you to come o'er,
To paſs theſe tedious Hours, theſe Winter Nights!
Not that he dreads Invaſions, Rogues, or Sprites.—

Strait

Strait for your two beſt Wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in Buckle, that not curl'd at all.
And where the Devil are the Spurs? you cry,
And Pox! what Blockhead laid the Buſkins by?
On your old batter'd Mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four Legs or none)
Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble. as you ſcour the Heath,
All ſwear at *Morden* 'tis on Life and Death:
As fierce thro' *Wareham* Streets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the Dogs and Voters in the Town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty Miles as bad,
That *Corfe* and *Kingſton* Gentry think you mad,
And all this furious Riding is to prove
Your high Reſpect, it ſeems, and eager Love:
And yet that mighty Honour to obtain,
*Banks*, *Shaftſbury*, *Dodington*. may ſend in vain,
Before you go, we Curſe the Noiſe you make,
And bleſs the Moment that you turn your Back,
Meantime your Flock depriv'd of heav'nly Food,
As we of carnal, ſtarve and ſtray abroad:
Left to your Care by Providence in vain,
You leave them all to Providence again.
As for myſelf, I own it to your Face,
I love good Eating.——and I take my Glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear Sir, that one ſhould be
In you amuſement but a Crime in me.

All

All this is bare refining on a Name,
To make a Difference where the Fault's the ſame.
My Father ſold me to your Service here,
For this fine Livery and four Pounds a Year.
A Livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove,—but lay your Cudgel by.
You ſerve your Paſſions. Thus without a Jeſt
Both are but Fellow-Servants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good Sir, are play'd by your Deſires,
A meer tall Puppet dancing on the Wires.

*Poet.* Who at this Rate of talking can be free?

*Serv.* The brave, wiſe, honeſt Man and only he:
All elſe are Slaves alike, the World around,
Kings on the Throne, and Beggars on the Ground.
He, Sir, is Proof to Grandeur, Pride, or Pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is Maſter of himſelf:
Not to and fro' by Fears and Factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the Intereſts of the World:
And while the World turns round, entire and whole
He keeps the ſacred Tenour of his Soul;
In every Turn of Fortune ſtill the ſame,
As Gold unchang'd, or brighter from the Flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike Pride,
He ſees the Darts of Envy glance aſide;
And fixed like *Atlas*, while the Tempeſts blow,
Smiles at the idle Storms that roar below.

One

One ſuch you know, a Layman to your Shame,
And yet the Honour of your Blood and Name.
If you can ſuch a Character maintain,
You are too free,—and I'm your Slave again.
But when in *Brun*'s feign'd Battles you delight
More than myſelf to ſee two Drunkards fight,
Fool, Rogue, Sot, Blockhead, or ſuch Names are mine.
Yours are a Connoiſſeur, or deep Divine,
I'm chid for loving a luxurious Bit,
The ſacred Prize of Learning, worth, and Wit:
And yet ſome ſell their Lands theſe Bits to buy;
Then pray who ſuffers moſt from Luxury!
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no Plate,
I ſeal no Bonds, I mortgage no Eſtate.
Beſides high Living, Sir, muſt wear you out
With Surfeits, Qualms, a Fever, or the Gout.
By ſome new Pleaſures are you ſtill engroſs'd,
And when you ſave an Hour you think it loſt.
To Sports, Plays, Races, from your Books you run,
And like all Company except your own.
You hunt, drink, ſleep, or (idler ſtill) you rhyme;
Why?—but to baniſh Thought, and murder Time.
And yet that Thought which you diſcharge in vain,
Like a foul loaded Piece, recoils again.

*Poet.*

*Poet.* *Tom*, fetch a Cane, a Whip a Club, a Stone,—

*Servant.* For what?

*Poet.* A Sword, a Piſtol, or a Gun.
I'll ſhoot the Dog.

*Serv.* Lord who would be a Wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming Fit.

*Poet.* Fly, fly, you Raſcal, for your Spade and Fork
For once I'll ſet your lazy Bones to work.
Fly, or I'll ſend you back without a Groat
To the bleak Mountains where you firſt were caught.

## EPIGRAM.

*On the Rev. Mr.* Hanbury's PLANTATION, *and* MUSIC MEETING, *at* Church Langton, *in* Leiceſterſhire.

SO ſweet thy *Strain*, ſo thick thy *Shade*,
The pleas'd Spectator ſees
The Miracle once more diſplay'd
Of *Orpheus* and his *Trees*.

THE

THE

# LAW-STUDENT.

To George Colman, A. M. of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

*Quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permeſſidos unda?*
*Romanum propius divitiuſque Forum eſt.* MARTIAL.

NOW Chriſt-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
The important Studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the Shelves beneath th' unuſual Charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each claſſic author ſeeks his peaceful Nook,
And modeſt Virgil yields his Place to *Coke*,
No more ye Bards, for vain Precedence hope,
But even *Jacob* take the Lead of *Pope!*

While the pil'd Shelves ſink down on one another,
And each huge Folio has it's cumb'rous Brother,
While arm'd with theſe, the Student views with Awe
His Rooms become the Magazine of Law,
Say whence ſo few ſucceed? where thouſands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd Goal of Fame?
Say, why *Cæcilius* quits the gainful Trade
For Regimentals, Sword, and ſmart Cockade?

Or *Sxtus* why his firſt Profeſſion leaves
For narrower Band, plain Shirt, and pudding Sleeves?

The Depth of Law aſks Study, Thought, and Care
Shall we ſeek theſe in rich *Alonzo*'s Heir?
Such Diligence, alas! is ſeldom found
In the briſk Heir to forty thouſand Pound.
Wealth, that excuſes Folly, Sloth creates,
Few, who can ſpend, e'er learn to get Eſtates.
What is to him dry Caſe, or dull Report,
Who ſtudies Faſhions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that Thing of Emptineſs and Show,
That Mungrel, half-form'd Thing, a Temple-Beau?
Obſerve him daily ſauntring up and down,
In purple Slippers, and in ſilken Gown;
Laſt Night's Debauch, his Morning Converſation;
The Coming, all his Evening Preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain Renown!
*Florio*'s a Gentleman, a Man o'th' Town.
He nor Courts, Clients, or the Law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent Garden,
Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With Critic Catcall ſound the Stops of Wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the Throng,
Cenſor of Stile from Tragedy to Song:

Him

Him ev'ry Witling views with ſecret Awe,
Deep in the Drama, ſhallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the Science, they can ne'er attain:
Who write and read, but all by Fits and Starts,
And varniſh Folly with the Name of Parts;
Truſt on to Genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
'Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law Care only can attain,
Where Honour's purchas'd at the Price of Pain,
If, loit'ring, up th' Aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
No Starts of Labour can redeem the Time.
Induſtrious Study wins by ſlow Degrees,
True Sons of *Coke* can ne'er be Sons of Eaſe.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has ſmit,
who, blind to Intereſt, arrant Dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing Road,
With Attic Flowers and Claſſic Wreaths beſtrew'd:
Wedded to Verſe, embrac'd the Muſe for Life,
And ta'en, like modern Bucks, their Whores to Wife
Where'er the Muſe uſurps deſpotic Sway,
All other Studies muſt of Force give Way.
Int'reſt in vain puts in her prudent Claim,
Nonſuited by the pow'rful Plea of Fame.

As well you might weigh Lead againſt a Feather,
As ever jumble Wit and Law together.
On *Littleton*, *Coke* gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!)
" In all our Author's Tenures, *be it noted*,
" This is the fourth Time any Verſe is quoted."
Which, 'gainſt the Muſe and Verſe, may well imply
What Lawyers call a *Noli Proſequi*.

Quit then, dear *George*, O quit the barren Field,
Which neither Profit nor Reward can yield!
What tho' the ſprightly Scene, well-acted, draws
From unpack'd Engliſhmen unbrib'd Applauſe,
Some Monthly Grub, ſome *Dennis* of the Age,
In Print cries ſhame on the degen'rate Stage.*
If haply *Churchill* ſtrive, with generous Aim,
To fan the Sparks of Genius to a Flame;
If all UNASKED, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy Deſert, he prove his own;
Envy ſhall ſtrait to *Hamilton*'s Repair,
And vent her Spleen, and Gall, and Venom there,

* Alluding to certain diſingenuous and illiberal Criticiſms in the *Critical Review*; wherein the *Jealous Wife*, a Comedy, and the Author of that Play, as well as his Friends, were at different Times attacked, with equal Virulence and Inſolence.

Thee

Thee, and thy Works, and all thy Friends decry,
And boldly print and publiſh a rank Lie,
Swear your own Hand the flatt'ring Likeneſs drew,
Swear your own Breath Fame's partial Trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your Friends have ſaid,
(Friends whom the ſureſt Maxims ever led)
Turn Parſon, *Colman*; that's the Way to thrive;
Your Parſons are the happieſt Men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Biſhops, twenty-four.
Of Pride and Claret, Sloth and Ven'ſon full,
Yon Prelate mark, Right Reverend and dull!
He ne'er good Man, need penſive Vigils keep
To preach his Audience once a Week to ſleep;
On rich Preferments fattens at his Eaſe,
Nor ſweats for Tithes, as Lawyers toil for fees

Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear *Colman*, to the Bar!
If Genius warm thee, where can Genius call
For nobler Action than in yonder Hall?
'Tis not enough each Morn, on Term's Approach;
To club your legal Threepence for a Coach;
Then at the Hall to take your ſilent Stand,
With Ink-horn and long Note-book in your Hand,

Marking grave Serjeants cite each wiſe Report,
And noting down ſage Dictums from the Court,
With overwhelming Brow, and Law-learn'd Face,
The Index of your Book of Common-place.

Theſe are mere Drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the Path their dull Forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' Law's Maze, without a Clue to range,
From *ſecond Vernon* down to *ſecond Strange*.
Do thou upliſt thine Eyes to happier wits!
Dulneſs no longer on the Woolpack ſits;
No longer on the drawling droniſh Herd
Are the firſt Honours of the Law conferr'd;
But they, whoſe Fame Reward's due Tribute draws,
Whoſe active Merit challenges Applauſe,
Like glorious Beacons, are ſet high to view,
To mark the Paths which Genius ſhou'd purſue.

O for thy Spirit, *Mansfield*! at thy Name
What Boſom glows not with an active Flame?
Alone from Jargon born to reſcue Law,
From Precedent, grave Hum, and formal Saw!
To ſtrip Chican'ry of its vain Pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!

*Pratt!* on thy Lips Perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as manna, from thy Tongue:

On

On thy Voice Truth may reſt, and on thy Plea
Unerring *Henley* found the juſt Decree.

*Henley!* than whom, to *Hardwick*'s well-rais'd Fame,
No worthier ſecond Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No Lawyer of Prerogative: no Tool
Faſhion'd in black Corruption's pliant School;
Form'd, twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the Scales of Right with even Hand!

True to our Hopes, and equal to his Birth,
See, ſee in *Yorke* the Force of lineal Worth!
But why their ſev'ral Merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd Sage's Praiſes dwell?
*Wilmot* how well his Place, or *Foſter* fills?
Or ſhrew'd Senſe beaming from the Eye of *Willes?*

Such, while thou ſee'ſt the public Care engage,
Their Fame increaſing with increaſing Age.
Rais'd by true Genius, bred in *Phœbus*' School,
Whoſe warmth of Soul ſound Judgment knew to cool;
—With ſuch illuſtrious Proofs before your Eyes,
Think not, my Friend, you've too much Wit to riſe:
Think of the Bench, the Coif, long Robe, and Fee,
And leave the Preſs to ********* *** ** **.

TRAN-

## TRANSLATION of an ancient EPITAPH

### In the Cloyſters of *Wincheſter College*.

### EPITAPH.

CLauſus Johannes jacet hic ſub marmore Clarkus,
Qui fuit hic quondam Preſbyter et Socious.
In terrâ Roſeos ſolitus ſtillare Liquores,
In cœlo vivis nunc quoque gaudet Aquis.

### TRANSLATION.

BEneath this Stone lies ſhut up in the dark,
A Fellow and a Prieſt, yclept *John Clark*:
With *earthly Roſe-Water* he did delight ye,
But now he deals in *heavenly Aqua-vitæ*.

THE

# THE NEW-YEAR's-GIFT.

Preſented with a Pair of

## SILK STOCKINGS,

To Miſs *Bell Cooke*, of *Eton*.

I.

TO pleaſe the Fair, in courtly Lays
The Poet plays his part,
One tenders Snuff, Another Praiſe,
A *Tooth-pick* or a *Heart*.

II.

Alike They all, to gain their End
Peculiar Arts diſcloſe,
While I, ſubmiſſive, only ſend
An *humble Pair of Hoſe*.

III.

Long may they guard from Cold and Harm
The ſnowy Legs that wear 'em,
And kindly ſpread their Influence warm
To every Thing that's near 'em.

IV.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your Indignation,
If I a little partial ſeem
In Gift or Commendation.

V.

Each fair Perfection to diſplay
Would far exceed my Charter;
My modeſt Muſe muſt never ſtray
Above the Knee, or Garter.

VI.

And who did e'er a Baſis view
So worthy to be prais'd?
Or from ſo fair Foundation knew
So fine a Fabrick rais'd?

VII.

Thou learned Leech, ſage **** ſay,
Since ſpite of Drugs and Plaiſters,
You now can talk the live-long day
Of Pillars and Pilaſters;

VIII.

You that for Hours have rov'd about,
Thro' Halls and Colonades,
And ſcarce would deign to tread on aught
But Arches and Arcades;

Di

IX.

Did you in all your mazy Round
Two nobler Pillars view?
What yielding Marble e'er was found
So exquiſitely true?

X.

The ſwelling Dome with ſtately ſhow
May many Fancies pleaſe;
I view, content, what lies below—
The Cornice and the Frieze.

XI.

The beauteous Twins ſo fair, ſo round,
That bear the noble Pile,
Muſt ſure proceed from *Venus' Mount*,
Or from * *Cythera's Iſle.*

XII.

Propitious Fates, preſerve 'em ſafe,
And keep 'em ſnug together,
And grant they may the Malice brave
Of Man as well as Weather.

* Two Places from whence the Ancients brought Materials for their moſt noble Structures.

From

XIII.

From luckleſs Love, or Rancour baſe,
May never Ill attend 'em;
And grant, whatever be the Caſe,
That I may ſtill defend 'em.

XIV.

By gentle, gen'rous Love, 'tis true,
They never can miſcarry;
Nor Damage come nor Loſs enſue,
From honeſt, harmleſs *Harry*:

XV.

But ſhould a Knight of greater Heat
Precipitate invade,
Believe me, *Bell*, they then may need
Some ſeaſonable Aid:

XVI.

O may I ever be at Hand
From ev'ry Harm to ſcreen 'em,
Then, *Samſon-like*, I'll take my Stand,
And live or die between 'em.

# EXALTATION:

## OR. THE

## SIGNATURE of LOVE.

## A DESCRIPTIVE PASTORAL.

In the *Modern* Style.

BEneath the Shadows of a glimmering Oak,
Where conſcious Meads in ſoft Deluſion broke;
And ancient Murmurs, tremblingly awake,
Repel the neighbouring Coolneſs of the Brake;
Two Swains, reclining, ſooth'd th' enamour'd Tongue,
And thus, with fragrant Vows, their Pipes they ſtrung.

STREPHON.

In every Grove the various Floods combine;
A thouſand Beauties baſk upon the Line;
The ſolemn Breezes emulate the Day;
But Chloe is the Subject of my Lay.

CORYDON.

Let Thunder, ſick'ning, ſmile upon the Ground,
And mazy Beams reflect a dawning Sound;
Let lofty Ecchoes on Meanders throng;
But Phillis is the Burden of my Song.

STREPHON

STREPHON.

Chloe's to me more fair than azure Sight;
More ſoft than Heifers melting into Light:
O come, ye Swains, and leave th' enamel'd Morn;
The moſſy Garlands rival your return.

CORYDON.

My Phillis, wond'ring, ſtrives the Heat to pierce,
And ſmiles precarious through the gay Reverſe:
Ye Hills and Dales that chear the verdant Sand,
Bear me where ages float at her Command.

STREPHON.

My Love, regardleſs of the vernal Main,
Like Honey bluſhing variegates my Pain;
And, like the Bee, ſhe ſmooths the mantled Green;
Soft as the Stars, and as the Hills ſerene.

CORYDON.

My Love is like the rural Seats above;
The Canopy of Fate is like my Love;
My Love is like the Deep, in Purple dreſt,
And all Ambroſia warbles in her Breaſt.

STREPHON.

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take.
What Thing is that, by Kings expell'd the Lake,
Whoſe airy Footſteps faded as they grew,
Produc'd in Silence, yet alive in blue?

CORYDON.

CORYDON.

Firſt tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
What Thing is that ſo daringly divine,
By Reaſon feather'd, and by Nature preſt,
Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unbleſt

MENALCAS.

Enough, enough—O Shepherds, your Delay
Retards the fleecy Partners of the Spray;
See, from yon Cloud impending Mirrors riſe!
See how the Vallies wanton in the Skies!
From Wave to Wave reluctant Shades appear,
Revolving Swans proclaim the Welkin near
And aid the breathing Surface of the Year.

## EXTEMPORE LETTER

From Captain THOMAS * at Bernera, to Captain PRICE at Fort Auguſtus.

Written juſt before ſigning the Peace of Aix la Chapelle

"COME, *Thomas*, give us t'other Sonnet,"
Dear Captain, pray reflect upon it:
Was ever ſo abſurd a Thing,
What, at the Pole to bid me ſing?

* Formerly Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Alas!

Alas! ſearch all thoſe Mountains round,
There's no Thalia to be found;
And Fancy, Child of ſouthern Skies,
Averſe, the ſullen Region flies———

I ſcribble Verſes? why you know,
I left the Muſes long ago;
Deſerted all the tuneful Band,
To right the Files, and ſtudy *Bland.*

Indeed in Youth's fantaſtick Prime
Miſled, I wander'd into Rhyme,
And am'rous Sonnets penn'd in Plenty,
On ev'ry Nymph, from twelve to twenty.
Compar'd to Roſes and to Lillies
The Cheeks of *Chloe* and of *Phillis*;
With all the Cant you'd find in many
A ſtill-born modern Miſcellany.
My Lines, how proud was I to ſee 'em,
Steal into *Dodſley*'s New Muſeum:
Or in a Letter fair and clean
Committed to the Magazine.
Our Follies change; that Whim is o'er,
The Bagatelles delight no more.
Know by theſe Preſents that in fine
I quit all Commerce with the Nine!

Love-Strains, and all poetick Matters,
Lampoons, Epiſtles, Odes, and Satires,
The Toys and Trifles I diſcard,
And leave the Bays to Poet *Ward*.*

No, now to Politicks confin'd
I give up all the buſy Mind.
Curious, each Pamphlet I peruſe,
And ſip my Coffee o'er the News;
But apropos, for laſt Courant
Pray thank the Lady Gouvernante.
But what's this Rumour in the Mail
From *Aix*—pho, what is't. *la Chapelle*?
A Peace unites the jarring Pow'rs,
And ev'ry Trade will thrive but our's:
" Farewell, as wrong'd *Othello* ſaid,
" The plumed Troops, and neighing Steed."
The Troops alas! more Havock there
A Peace will make, than all the War.
What Crowds of Heroes, in a Day,
Reduc'd to ſtarve on Half their Pay!
From *Lowendahl*, 'twould Pity meet;
And *Saxe* himſelf might weep to ſee't.
Already Fancy's active Power
Fore-runs the near approaching Hour.

* An Officer in the ſame Regiment.

Methinks (curs'd Chance) the fatal Stroke
I feel, and ſeem already broke;
The Park I ſaunter up and down,
Or ſit upon a Bench alone.
Sneaking and ſad—le juſte portrait
D'un pauvre Capitaine Reforme;
My Wig, which ſhun'd each ruder Wind,
Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
Which *John* was us'd, with niceſt Art,
To comb, and taught the Curls to part,
Loſt the Belle-air, the jaunty Pride,
Now lank depends on either Side.
My Hat grown white and ruſtick o'er
Once bien trouſsé with Galon d'or
My Coat diſtain'd with Duſt and Rain,
And all my Figure quite Campaign.
J'habillè fine with tarniſh'd Lace,
And Hunger pictur'd in my Face;
Tavern or Coffee-houſe unwilling
To give me Credit for a Shilling;
Forbid by ev'ry ſcornful Belle,
The Precincts of the gay Ruelle.
My Vows, tho' breath'd in ev'ry Ear
Not e'en a Chambermaid will hear;
No Silver in my Purſe to pay
For Opera Ticket, or the Play.

No Meſſage ſent to bid me come
A Fortnight after to a Drum.
No Viſits or receiv'd or paid;
No Ball, Ridotto, Maſquerade;
All penſive, heartleſs, and Chagrin,
I ſit devoted Prey to Spleen.

To you, dear *Price*, indulgent Heav'n
A gentler, happier Lot has giv'n,
To you has dealt, with bounteous Hands,
Palladian Seats, and fruitful Lands.
Then in my Sorrows have the Grace
To take ſome Pity of my Caſe,
And as you know the Times are hard,
Send a ſpruce Valet with a Card;
Your Compliments——and beg I'd dine,
And taſte your Mutton and your Wine;
You'll find moſt punctual and obſervant,
Your moſt obliged and humble Servant.

---

# NEW-MARKET.

## A SATIRE.

HIS Country's Hope, when now the blooming Heir,
Has loſt the Parent's, or the Guardian's Care;

Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain Youth, ſay, what's the darling Joy?
Of each raſh Frolic what the Source and End,
His ſole and firſt Ambition what?——to ſpend.
Some 'Squires to *Gallia*'s Cooks devoted Dupes,
Whole Manors melt in Sauce, or drown in Soups:
Another doats on Fidlers, till he ſees
His Hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring Trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern Strains can *move*,
Like thoſe of ancient *Greece*, th' obedient Grove:
In headleſs Statues rich, and uſeleſs Urns,
*Marmoreo* from the claſſic Tour returns.——
But would ye learn, ye leiſure-loving 'Squires,
How beſt ye may diſgrace your prudent Sires;
How ſooneſt ſoar to faſhionable Shame,
Be damn'd at once to Ruin——and to Fame;
By Hands of Grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread *Olympic* Ground!
What Dreams of Conqueſt fluſh'd *Hilario*'s breaſt,
When the good Knight at laſt retir'd to Reſt!
Behold the Youth with new-felt Rapture mark!
Each pleaſing Proſpect of the ſpacious Park:
That Park, Where Beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe Beauties leſs the Work of Art than Age;
In ſimple State where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable Dreſs of ancient Years;

Where

Where all the Charms of Chance with Order meet,
The Rude, the Gay, the Graceful and the Great.
Here aged Oaks uprear their Branches hoar,
And form dark Groves, which *Druids* might adore;
With meeting Boughs, and deepening to the View.
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous Avenue;
Here various Trees compoſe a chequer'd Scene,
Glowing in gay Diverſities of Green:
There the full Stream thro' intermingling Glades
Shines a broad Lake, or falls in deep Caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle Copſe, or beeched Lawn,
To chear with Sun or Shade the bounding Fawn.
And ſee the good old Seat, whoſe *Gothic* Tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted Bow'rs;
Whoſe rafter'd Hall the crowding Tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily Bread,
Where creſted Knights, with peerleſs Damſels join'd,
At high and ſolemn Feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair Virtue's ſhining Taſk,
In myſtic Pageantries, and moral Maſk.
But vain all ancient Praiſe, or Boaſt of Birth,
Vain all the Palms of old heroic worth!
At once a Bankrupt, and a proſperous Heir,
*Hilario* bets.——Park, Houſe, diſſolve in Air.
With antique Armour hung, his trophied Rooms
Deſcend to Gameſters, Proſtitutes, and Grooms.

He

He ſees his ſteel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the Lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair Series of the whiſker'd Race,
Whoſe pictur'd Forms the ſtately Gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the Price of ill-got Gold.
To deck ſome Tavern vile, at Auctions ſold,
The Pariſh wonders at th' unopening Door,
The Chimnies blaze, the Tables groan, no more,
Thick Weeds around th' untrodden Courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial Scene in Silence lies,
Himſelf, the Loſs politely to repair,
Turns Atheiſt, Fidler, Highwayman, or Play'r.
At lenght the Scorn, the Shame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to *rub* the Steeds that once he *rode*.

Ye rival Youths, your golden Hopes how vain,
Your Dreams of Thouſands on the lifted Plain!
Not more fantaſtic *Sancho*'s airy Courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic Horſe*,
He pierc'd Heav'ns opening Spheres with dazzled Eyes
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary Skies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious in the Meed,
Of young Adventures on the Muſe's Steed;
For Poets have, like you, their deſtin'd round,
And Ours is but a *Race* on *claſſic Ground*,

Long Time, the Child of patrimonial Eaſe,
*Hippolitus* had carv'd Sirloins in Peace:

*Clavileno.* See *Don Quixote*, B. ii. Chap. 41.

Had

Had quaffed ſecure unvex'd by Toil or Wife,
The mild *October* of a private Life.
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic Conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his Game on ſafe paternal Ground
And deaf to Honour's or Ambition's Call,
With rural Spoils adorn'd his hoary Hall.
As bland he puff'd the Pipe o'er weekly News
His Boſom kindles with ſublimer Views.
Lo there, thy Triumphs, *Taafe*, thy Palms, *Portmore*
Tempt him to ſtake his Lands and treaſur'd Store.
Like a new Bruiſer on *Broughtonie* Sand,
Amid the Liſts our Hero takes his Stand;
Suck'd by the Sharper, to the Peer a Prey,
He rolls his Eyes that "Witneſs huge Diſmay;"
When lo! the Chance of one inglorious Heat,
Strips him of genial Cheer, and ſnug Retreat,
How awkward now he bears Diſgrace and Dirt,
Nor knows the *Poor*'s laſt Refuge, to be *pert*.——
The ſhiftleſs Beggar bears of Ills the worſt,
At once with *Dulneſs* and with *Hunger* curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs Breaſt *Equeſtrian* Fires,
And dwells ſuch mighty Rage in graver *'Squires*?
In all Attemps, but for their Country, bold,
Britain, thy CONSRIPT COUNSELLORS behold;
(For Some perhaps, by Fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a Borough, from a lucky Bet,)

Smit

Smit with the Love of the *laconic* Boot,
The Cap, and Wig ſuccinct, the ſilken Suit,
Mere modern *Phaætons*, uſurp the Rein,
And ſcour in rival Race the tempting Plain.
See, ſide by ſide, the Jockey and Sir *John*
Diſcuſs th' important Point——of *Six to One.*
For oh! the boaſted Privilege how dear,
How great the Pride, to *gain* a Jockey's *Ear!*
See, like a routed Hoſt, with headlong Pace,
Thy *Members* pour amid the mingling *Race!*
All aſk, what Crouds the Tumult could produce——
Is *Bedlam*, or the *Commons* all broke looſe?
Their Way nor Reaſon guides nor Caution checks,
Proud on a *well bred Thing* to riſque their Necks.—
Thy *Sages* hear, amid th' admiring Croud
Adjudge the *Stakes*, moſt eloquently loud:
With critick Skill, o'er dubious *Bets* preſide,
The low Diſpute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty Wiſdom, and judicious Prate,
Of *diſtanc'd* Horſes gravely fix the Fate:
And with paternal Care unwearied watch
O'er the *nice Conduct* of a daring *Match.*

Meantime, no more the mimic Patriots riſe,
To guard *Britannia*'s Honour, warm and wiſe:
No more in Senates dare aſſert her Laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's Cauſe:

Neglect

Neglect the Counſels of a ſinking Land,
And know no *Roſtrum*, but *New-Market's Strand*.

Is this the Band of Civil Chiefs deſign'd
On *England's* Weal to fix the pondering Mind?
Who, while their Country's Rights are ſet to Sale,
Quit *Europe's Ballance* for the *Jockey's Scale*.
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient Schemes are croſt,
Or when a Nation, or a *Match* is loſt?
Who *Dams* and *Sires* with more Exactneſs trace,
Than of their *Country's Kings* the ſacred Race:
Think *London Journies* are the worſt of Ills;
*Subſcribe* to *Articles*, inſtead of *Bills*:
Strangers to all our *Annaliſts* relate,
Theirs are the *Memoirs* of th' *Equeſtrian* State:
Who loſt to *Albion's* paſt and preſent Views,
HEBER*, thy *Chronicles* alone peruſe.

Go on brave Youths, till in ſome future Age,
Whips ſhall become the *Senatorial Badge*;
Till *England* ſee her thronging Senators
Meet all at *Weſtminſter*, in Boots and Spurs;
See the whole *Houſe*, with mutual Frenzy mad,
Her Patriots all in Leathern Breeches clad:
Of *Bets*, not *Taxes*, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal Reins a *Steed* and *State*.

* Author of *an Hiſtorical* LIST *of Running-Horſes*, &c.

How

How would a virtuous * *Houhnhym* neigh Diſdain,
To ſee his Brethren brook th' imperious Rein;
Bear Slavery's wonton Whip, or galling Goad,
Smoak through the Glebe, or trace the deſtin'd Road:
And rob'd of † Manhood by the murderous Knife,
Suſtain each ſordid Toil of ſervile Life.
Yet oh, what Rage would touch his generous Mind,
To ſee his Sons of more than human Kind;
A Kind, with each exalted Virtue bleſt,
Each gentler Feeling of the liberal Breaſt,
Afford Diverſion to that Monſter baſe,
That meaneſt Spawn of Man's Half-monkey Race;
In whom Pride, Avarice, Ignorance conſpire,
That hated Animal, a *Yahoo-Squire.*

How are the THERONS of theſe modern Days,
Chang'd from thoſe Chiefs who toil'd for *Grecian* Bays;
Who fir'd with genuine Glory's ſacred Luſt,
Whirl'd the ſwift Axle through the *Pythian* Duſt.
Theirs was the *Piſan* Olive's blooming Spray,
Theirs was the *Theban* Bard's recording Lay.
What though the Grooms of *Greece* ne'er *took the odds?*
They won no *Bets*—but then they ſoar'd to *Gods*,
And more an *Hiero*'s Palm, a *Pindar*'s Ode,
Than all th' united *Plates* of GEORGE beſtow'd.

* *Vid.* GULLIVER's Travels. Voyage to the *Houhnhyms.*
† A Copy in the HADRIAN Library reads HORSE-HOOD.

*Greece!*

*Greece!* how I kindle at thy magic Name,
Feel all thy Warmth, and catch the kindred Flame.
Thy Scenes ſublime, and awful Viſions riſe,
In ancient Pride before my muſing Eyes.
Here *Sparta*'s Sons in mute Attention hang,
While juſt *Lycurgus* pours the mild Harangue;
There *Xerxes*' Hoſts, all pale with deadly Fear,
Shrink at her fated * Hero's flaſhing Spear.
Here hung with many a Lyre of ſilver String,
The laureate Alleys of *Iliſſus* ſpring:
And lo, where wrapt in Beauty's heavenly Dream
Hoar *Plato* walks his oliv'd *Academe*.——

Yet ah! no more the Land of Arts and Arms,
Delights with Wiſdom, or with Virtue warms.
Lo! the ſtern *Turk*, with more than *Vandal* Rage,
Has blaſted all the Wreaths of ancient Age:
No more her Groves by Fancy's Feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair *Greece!* by Luxury's pleaſing Bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign Chain.

*Britannia* watch! O trim thy withering Bays,
Remember thou haſt rivall'd *Grecia*'s Praiſe,
Great Nurſe of Works divine! Yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the fate of *Greece*, my Country, ſhare.

* LEONIDAS.

Recall

Recall thy wonted Worth with conſcious Pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a *Solon* in a *Hyde*;
Haſt bade thine *Edwards* and thine *Henry*'s rear
With *Spartan* Fortitude the *Britiſh* ſpear;
Alike has ſeen thy Sons deſerve the Meed
Or of the moral or the martial Deed.

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## EPITAPH

*To the* Pie-houſe *Memory of* NELL BATCHELOR, *an Oxford Eye-Woman.*

I.

HERE deep in the Duſt,
The mouldy old Cruſt,
Of *Nell Batchelor* lately was ſhoven;
Who was ſkill'd in the Arts
Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,
And knew ev'ry Uſe of the Oven.

II.

When ſhe liv'd long enough.
She made her laſt Puff,
A Puff by her Huſband much prais'd;
Now here ſhe doth lie,
And makes a dirt Pye,
In hopes that her Cruſt will be rais'd.

# THE CASTLE BARBER's SOLILOQY.

*Written* in the late WAR.

I Who with ſuch Succeſs—alas! till
The War came on—have *ſhav'd* the *Caſtle*;
Who *by the Noſe*, with hand unſhaken,
The *boldeſt Heroes* oft have *taken*;
In humble Strain, am doom'd to mourn
My Fortune chang'd, and State forlorn!
My *Soap* ſcarce ventures into Froth,
My *Razors* ruſt in idle Sloth!
WISDOM*! to you my Verſe appeals;
You ſhare the Griefs your *Barber* feels:
Scare comes a *Student* once a whole Age,
To ſtock your deſolated *College*.
Our Trade how ill in Army ſuits!
This comes of picking up *Recruits*.
Loſt is the *Robber*'s Occupation,
No *Robbing* thrives—but of the *Nation*!
For hardy Necks no *Rope* is twiſted,
And e'en the *Hangman*'s ſelf is *liſted*.

* The Governor of *Oxford Caſtle*.

Thy Publiſhers, O mighty *Jackſon!*
With ſcarce a ſcanty Coat their Backs on;
*Warning to Youth* no longer teach,
Nor *live* upon a *Dying Speech.*
In Caſſock clad, for want of Breeches,
No more the *Caſtle Chaplain* preaches.
Oh! were our Troops but ſafely landed;
And every Regiment diſbanded!
They'd make, I truſt, a new Campaign
On *Henly*'s Hill, or *Campſfield*'s Plain:
Deſtin'd at Home in peaceful State,
By me *freſh-ſhav'd* to meet their Fate!

Regard ye Juſtices of peace!
The CASTLE BARBER's piteous Caſe:
And kindly make ſome ſnug Addition,
To better his diſtreſt Condition.
Not that I mean, by ſuch Expreſſions,
To *ſhave* your *Worſhips* at the *Seſſions*;
Or would with vain Preſumption big,
Aſpire to *comb* the *Judge*'s *Wig:* ——
Far leſs ambituous Thoughts are mine,
Far humbler Hopes my Views confine. ——
Then think not that I aſk amiſs;
My ſmall requeſt is only this,
That I, by Leave of LEIGH or PARDO,
May with the CASTLE—*ſhave* BOCARDO.

Thus

Thus, as at *Jeſus* oft I've heard,
Rough Servitors in *Wales* preferr'd,
The *Joneſes*, *Morgans*, and *Ap-Rices*,
Keep *Fiddles* with their BENEFICES.

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## IMITATION of HORACE.

*Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides*
*Gazis, &c.* L. I. Ode xxix

SO you, my Friend, at laſt are caught——
Where could you get ſo ſtrange a Thought,
In Mind and Body ſound?
All meaner Studies you reſign,
Your whole Ambition now to ſhine
The Beau of the Beau-monde.

Say, gallant Youth, what well-known Name
Shall ſpread the Triumphs of your Fame
Through all the Realms of *Drury*?
How will you ſtrike the gaping Cit?
What Tavern ſhall record your Wit?
What Watchman mourn your Fury?

What ſprightly Imp of *Gallic* Breed
Shall have the Culture of your Head,

I mean

(I mean the outward Part)
Form'd by his Parent's early Care
To range in niceſt curls the Hair,
And wield the Puff with Art?

No more let Mortals toil in vain,
By wiſe conjecture to explain
What rolling Time will bring:
*Thames* to his Source may upwards flow,
Or *Garrick* ſix Foot high may grow,
Or Witches thrive at *Tring:*

Since you each better Promiſe break,
Once fam'd for Slov'nlineſs and *Greek*,
Now turn'd a very *Paris*,
For Lace and Velvet quit your Gown,
The STAGYRITE for Mr. TOWN, *
For *Drury-Lane* St. MARY'S.

* Author of the CONNOISSEUR.

SONG.

# SONG.

GIVE Ear, and a comical Story I'll tell,
'Tis of an old Doctor you know very well,
Who tho' grave as a Saint, got drunk as all Hell.
Tol de rol, lol, &c.

It was on a Sunday, as all have agreed;
For the Doctor he held it a Part of his Creed,
That the better the Day, the better the Deed.

He ſat, and he drank, and he toſted old Cripſey.
But he never ſuſpected he e'er ſhould grow tipſy,
He bung'd *cum ſeipſo* 'till he was not *ſeipſe*.

And when he had gotten as drunk as ten Bears,
He put on his Surplice, and ſtagger'd down Stairs,
Tho' not able to ſpeak yet reſolv'd to read Pray'rs.

To the Deſk then he came, and bow'd low on each ſide,
I will riſe and go to my Father, he cry'd;
But ſtumbled and prov'd that he damnably lied.

To the Pſalms then he got, but would you know how,
He ſpew'd on King *David*, and likely I trow,
For he was as drunk as was *David*'s old ſow.

To the Collects he got then, with great Heſitation,
While the Company all were in great Expectation,
Inſtead of a Pray'r came an Ejaculation.

And now with reſpect to the Gown and the Band,
How bravely muſt flouriſh the Church of this Land,
Supported by Pillars not able to ſtand!

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

1102

*F I N I S.*

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